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To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies in time of war in accordance with the Convention of Geneva;

To act in matters of voluntary relief and in accord with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the American People and their Army and Navy. — *Act of Congress, Jan. 5, 1905.*

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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then, to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * *

ON the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability. It was amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory feat—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that the memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things. "I might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * * * * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was the Roth Memory Course—and I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course, the Independent Corporation—are so confident that I will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE — AUGUST, 1920 — VOL. XVI, No. 8

JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Editor — FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Managing Editor

The subscription rate is $1.50 per year; foreign, $2.00. Individual copies 20 cents. Please allow six weeks for changes in address to become effective. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized on August 22, 1919. Please address all correspondence to 1107 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1920, by the American National Red Cross. Published monthly by the American National Red Cross at New York, N. Y.

With this Number, the publication of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is discontinued. (See Page 5.) Hereafter, all correspondence should be addressed to

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Red Cross Magazine

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DISCONTINUANCE

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS has decided to discontinue the RED CROSS MAGAZINE with the October number. The cost of publication, particularly of paper, has been mounting for a considerable time, until, during the last year, a point has been reached where further publication of the MAGAZINE would involve either an increase in the subscription price, or a subsidy from the general funds of the Red Cross organization. To increase the subscription price seems unwise and would, in all probability, bring about a reduction in circulation that would defeat the purpose for which the society has had a magazine. On the other hand, the Executive Committee would not feel justified in using the general funds of the society to meet the deficit certain to arise under present conditions.

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE before the war was a small publication with a circulation of a few thousand copies. As the great war proceeded, and even before the United States took up arms, there was a growing interest in Red Cross work and a large increase in membership. With the expert advice and assistance of those trained in publishing and editorial work, the MAGAZINE developed into a periodical of large circulation. At its height, it sent out over a million and a quarter copies each month and, although not conducted on a commercial basis, more than maintained itself. During the last four years, it has been of value both as an educational medium and as a stimulant of interest in the Red Cross and its world wide activities.

THE RED CROSS IS NOW DEVELOPING AN EXTENSIVE PEACE-TIME PROGRAM and, in addition, must carry on the responsibilities assumed during the war, to the limit of the resources available for that purpose. Whether this service has to do with the Red Cross nursing program, co-operation with public health organizations or the work being done through the Junior Red Cross; or whether it has to do with service to families of soldiers and sailors, wounded and blinded service men in hospitals, or relief of the indescribable distress abroad, the Red Cross must have a complete medium for keeping the public and its workers informed in regard to its activities. Had the RED CROSS MAGAZINE been the only means of communication with the public and its workers, it would have been necessary to continue the MAGAZINE, even at a loss. Through the medium of its other publications, however, such as the Junior Red Cross News, National Headquarters and Division Bulletins, and pamphlets on special subjects, and with the co-operation of the press and by means of the Red Cross Motion Picture Service, a machine for distributing information has been developed, so that notwithstanding the elimination of the MAGAZINE, the news and the record of Red Cross work will continue to be disseminated in a uniform manner.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF RED CROSS PUBLICITY SERVICE is being vigorously worked out. Life and patron members who wish to receive regular information as to Red Cross activities, and other members and workers will be kept informed by new methods now under consideration.

WE HAVE A PRACTICAL MATTER TO SETTLE WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS. A large proportion of the subscriptions terminate toward the end of the year 1920. Some, however, run for a further period. To continue the publication of the MAGAZINE, in order to complete the delivery of twelve issues to each subscriber, would involve great expense. As the edition became smaller, the overhead charges and other expenses would create a certain monthly deficit. To those subscribers, who will not receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled, the Red Cross stands ready to refund *pro rata* the amount of their subscriptions. The expense of making these payments will be considerable, but the RED CROSS MAGAZINE does not wish to take any action which involves a loss to its subscribers. Subscribers who do not claim a refund of the *pro rata* amount due them because of the discontinuance of the MAGAZINE, will be considered as having made a contribution for the general purposes of the Red Cross, to the amount of such unexpired subscriptions.

A FORM IS PRINTED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, which subscribers are requested to use if they desire a refund. If no claim is made, it will be considered that the subscriber desires to leave the amount due to him, in the treasury of the National Red Cross, as a contribution.

THE TREE

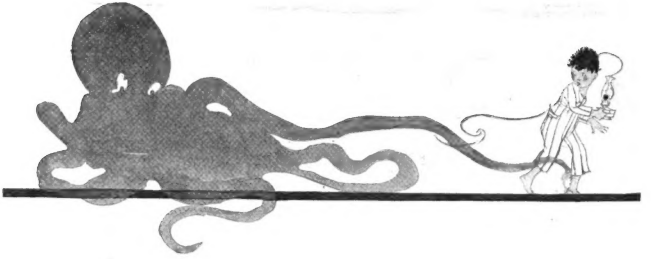
By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

There is a tree—
Growing far out upon our rough North Shore—
Which bears the spray,
Wild variable winds and savage roar
Of rocks clashing with the voracious sea,
So calmly that dull wind-chapped natives say,
"*There* is a tree!"

It is so old,
Graybeards recall it as their first old friend,
Refuge and staff
Against the rains and gales! Its branches bend
A little stiffly now; it seems less bold
Than brave, and brave in other lives' behalf,
It is so old.

It serves as shield
To samphire, lavender and maiden-hair
And to the small
Red pimpernel, daisies that star the air
With innocence carried from sheltered field;
Its quiet dignity gives strength to all
It serves as shield.

Like some true saint,
Its ample life and simple gestures point
Heavenward, though
Rooted in earth whose aims seem out of joint.
Odd that a tree, a tree, should shame complaint;—
A soulless tree accept both drought and blow,
Like some true saint!



FEAR—AND THE CHILD

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

ONCE I saw a class of little boys standing in a line of suspicious straightness as they waited to enter the classroom. Their silence and rigidity were unholy. I wondered how it had come about. The teacher cleared the mystery. One small boy spied me coming down the hall and peeked out to get a better view.

"What—," said the teacher in sepulchral tones, "What do I see? A cranium projected from the main line? Withdraw it instantly or I'll be obliged to eliminate you, ostracise you, decapitate you, cause you to be relegated to the rear, to my own mortification and your utter annihilation."

Instantly the head was withdrawn and the line once more presented an appearance of solemn rigidity. I looked at the teacher and her eyes brimming with laughter made me beat a hasty retreat. It was absurd. To our adult minds it was very funny. But to the children, it meant Fear. Fear engendered by the vague threat of the unknown.

Now teachers are afraid of Fear. They know that nothing can be worse for the growth of the children under their care, so when I talked this over with the teacher, she said, "I did not think of it as Fear. My mother used to keep us in order that way, and I do not think it did us any harm. Still I can see that it is not the best thing to do and I will try something else."

There was an unruly lad in the school. He needed the medical care we afterwards obtained for him, but before we found out what was the matter and had learned what to do we changed him from teacher to teacher, from classroom to the principal's office, from the office to home and back to the classroom, until we were all tired of the sound of his name.

After one of these rounds of sorrow, his mother and teacher had a conference in the office. "Make him mind you," said the mother, now quite out of patience. "I can't be running here after him all the time. I make him do what I want him to do. Why can't you?"

"Can you keep him in one place long enough to count ten?"

"I can that."

"Please show me how. I've tried all the means in my power short of tying him fast. It seems impossible for him to keep his body under control for even the shortest time. He is as pleasant to have in a classroom as a hoptoad."

"LISTEN, teacher, you do what I tell you and I'll guarantee he will not budge an inch till you give him leave. When he starts to leave his place just say, '*There are rats in the cellar!*' Say it like this," and in a voice that might have rolled from Sinai, she declaimed, "*There are rats in the cellar!*"

The teacher gazed at her in astonishment. "Do what I tell you and you will have no more trouble with him. If you can't do that, don't bother me, for I've plenty to do."

The teacher tried it and it worked. Then she sent for me. "Watch this," she whispered. She was correcting exercises for the class and a group of children were standing about her desk. The "bad little boy," in his seat, thought she could not see him. I thought so too. We were both wrong.

The lad made as though to get out of his seat. Without checking her swiftly moving pencil, the teacher chanted in sonorous tones, "*There are rats in the cellar. Ten thousand rats in the cellar!*" Instantly the boy froze in his seat. The rest of the class smiled at one another. The teacher went on with her work without a look in his direction.

"That is what his mother has done to control him. I couldn't believe it but she told me so, and I tried it out. That child should be taken to the hospital for nervous diseases and the mother taught that she is on the wrong track. That sort of thing is enough to drive him insane."

So off to the hospital he went.

I felt very sorry for that little boy. I remembered a Fear of my own. One night, when I was a tiny chap living among the mountains of Italy, I was aroused from sleep by strange sounds in the rooms below.

I scrambled out of bed and trotted downstairs to see what it was all about. My bare feet made no sound on the flagged floor. The group gathered about the fireplace had no warning of my coming. I pushed in among them to come full upon the open snarling scarlet mouth of a dead wolf lying across the hearthstone.

He had been stealing the sheep and the shepherds had gone out after him and had brought him in. The ugly sight was a shock to me. For a long time, I had a great fear of all hairy animals like dogs and wolves and bears. The old Fear never quite died. If I come suddenly upon one of those skin rugs with head and claws sprawled out over the polished floor I draw back. The old Fear stirs again. It is unpleasant.

I wondered if the little lad had the same sort of dread of the horrid rat.

One day there was an uproar in the Baby Class. Shrieks and sobs echoed

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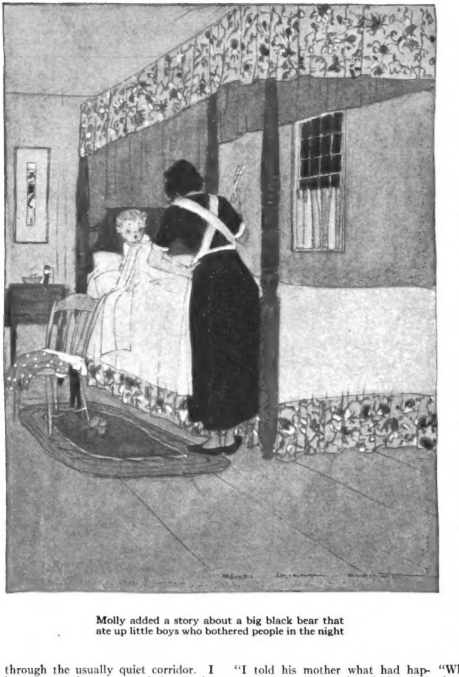

Molly added a story about a big black bear that ate up little boys who bothered people in the night

through the usually quiet corridor. I hurried to the room and found the teacher holding a terrified child in her arms. He was clutching and clawing blindly at the teacher who was trying to soothe him.

As I went forward, I saw a feather from the janitor's feather duster lying on the floor. I picked it up and went on to speak to the child. Instantly his shrieks became louder, his clutchings more violent. Stunned by the uproar I stood where I was.

"Maybe it is the feather," suggested the teacher. "Throw it away."

"Kill it! Kill it!" screamed the hapless youngster. "Kill it before it gets me!"

"Delirious," I thought. "Delirious with fear. What can have happened?"

I walked to the waste basket and let the child see me pull off the little fronds of the feather, tie the quill into a knot and throw it into the basket.

He seemed to grow quieter. The teacher took the little fellow home. She returned with an interesting story.

"I told his mother what had happened and she told me that the boy had always been timid, but this last few months he had grown more so. Piecing together our experiences with him, we made up our minds that he was living under a great strain of some sort. A few questions brought out the fact that he had been frightened by the maid who put him to bed at night.

"It was Mollie's duty to stay within ear-shot of the boy and wait upon him if he called in the night as he was likely to do. Mollie discovered that he was afraid of a feather. If she laid a feather near him he would not dare to turn over, much less call out.

"This worked so well that she added a story about a big black bear that ate up little boys who woke up in the night and bothered people, and a black man with a bag that carried off children who told tales. 'Carried them off to his den and cut their tongues out and they never came back to see their mammas and papas again!"

For about six months, the little fellow had lived in a demon haunted world. His ancestral dread of a bit of fur or a feather had been cultivated into an obsession of Fear. There had been little rest, no joy, no growth for him.

The mother and teacher set to work to root out the fear. Would they be successful? Would the fears stay down or would they rise some day to their undoing?

"See, sonny," said the teacher, "It is only an old feather. It used to keep the turkey warm, but we ate up the turkey last Thanksgiving and the feather is no use any more.

Surely you are not going to be afraid of an old feather. See, I am going to dress up like an Indian and put a feather in my hair.

"It is only a feather. See, it does not hurt me."

"Yes, I know," he quavered, "I know that you call it a feather, but I call it a shiver."

A QUIET studious lad had made fine progress in school. He was about to be graduated. He registered for the competitive examinations for entrance to a special school upon which he had set his heart. The time came for attending the examination.

"You are to report to the High School to-day to take your examination," said the teacher smiling in anticipation of his joy.

The lad started for the door. Then he stopped. "The High School? I cannot go!" and down he sat.

No amount of persuasion could get him to set out for the examination or explain. In despair, the teacher sent for the Aunt who had brought him up from babyhood.

To her she made the situation plain in vivid terms.

"My, oh! And he is not for setting out? What ails the laddie? Show him to me."

The lad went out to see her. "What way are you not going to take the examination? You know you will miss your chance if you do not take it now. What ails my good laddie?"

Going close to her he whispered, "But I would have to go by the Flat Rock if I went to that school."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Well, you know you told me that the headless goblin would spring out of that rock and plump his old head on me if I ever tried to pass it. You said so yourself."

"And didn't you know that I was joking? Didn't you know that I was telling you that for your own good?

"Maybe I did. But I'll not go by today unless you go with me every step of the way."

And together they went.

The old lady, in her anxiety to keep the lad within bounds when he was very small, had told him the tale of the headless goblin. It had long since ceased to bother him. He had passed and repassed that rock many times, yet on the day of the examination, when the boy

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was under a nervous strain, the old Fear rose and laid its grizzly hands upon him and would not let him pass.

Do you believe in the fearless child? Do you encourage him when you meet him?

How about the time when the little boy wanted you to tell him where the trap door in the ceiling led to? Did you stop and explain it to him? Or did you say something about it not being any concern of his and pass on, leaving him to guess about it and explain it to himself by the limited experiences he had had, or by the stories he had heard of all such mysterious places?

When the small daughter climbed upon the barrel to peer into the big vat beside the barn, did you lift her up and let her see inside it, or did you scold her for prying into things that were none of her business and threaten her with punishment.

When your grandson asked you where the black man came from and where he was going the day he saw him carrying off the trunks, did you carefully explain who he was and all about him? That he was a friend who helped one go safely and comfortably on a long journey? Or did you say, "You better look out. That's the black man, the bogey man, and he doesn't like children who ask too many questions?"

WHEN you saw the small boy of the family gazing with puzzled eyes at the foreign looking workers building the roads, did you patiently explain who they were, and where they came from and what they meant in the scheme of things? Or did you say, "Run away from there. Something will happen to you. Those brigands will carry you off!"

When the little girl came racing and fell into your arms in panic, because she thought that something was pursuing her from the shadows in the attic, did you explain it all away? Did you take her to the attic and tell her all about the old things that were up there, move them about and tell her about the folks that owned them long ago? Or was that too much trouble?

Childhood is the time when inherited fears take hold, when new fears are born. The child mind is full of flitting notions, vague half-formed ideas. All life is new and strange, full of the unknown.

Things are so big to little children. The chairs are all so tall. The beds are vast expanses and the stairs are steep and high. Who knows what one may meet at the top? The chimney hole is a mysterious thing. Where did it come from and where does it go? The shadows that fall aslant the walls and the floors are strange, unearthly things. What makes them and why do they quiver and jump like that? What is the noise in the chimney at night? If it is the wind, why does it cry like that?

A fearful child becomes a fearful adult. I know a lumberman who is very sick whenever there is a thunderstorm. Storms come often in the mountains and the man suffers acutely.

Going through a stretch of woods, we were caught in a thunder storm. This woodman, who is literally afraid of nothing in the great forest, turned pale. We marched steadily along the trail. The storm increased and with it the man's discomfort. Before the storm ceased he was forced to lie down under the shelter of a shack beside the trail.

"I cannot seem to overcome that sickness," he said, "When I was a lad about three, my mother died and I was brought up by my grandmother, a conscientious God-fearing woman. She taught me that the thunder storm was God's chariot and the thunder was His voice, and the lightning the flash of His angry eye. When it thundered, one should pray for forgiveness of sin lest he be carried off without time for repentance and be forever damned.

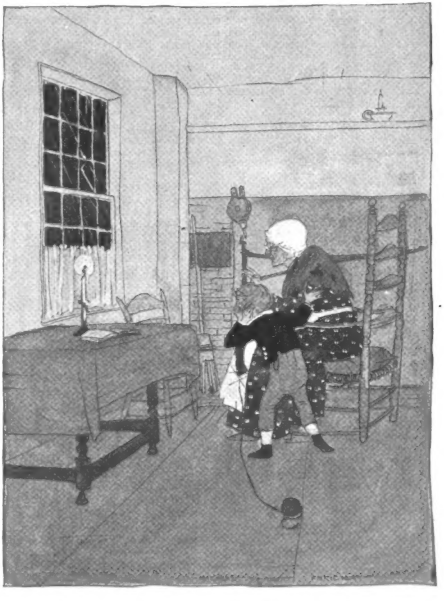
"The effect of that Fear has stayed with me all my life. I am no longer consciously afraid of thunder. I am not consciously afraid to die. But something else is stowed away in my inside self comes to the top whenever it thunders and I am as you have seen me."

Whatever you do, don't tell untruths to children. No matter how good your intentions may be, it is dangerous to frighten children. Fear is poison.

Instinctive Fear is bad enough. We all have to struggle against it, yet parents and guardians add fresh fears to torment the luckless children. They invent threatening personages to compel obedience.

"You just wait, young man. Wait until the teacher gets you. She'll fix you! She'll put you into the spanking machine and you'll be sorry. I'm going to call her now," and she pretends to raise the window or lift the telephone receiver.

The frightened child hastens to obey, one eye on the window, the other on the door. By and by the child goes to



The old lady told the boy the tale of the headless goblin

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school. He has to be dragged there. When he sees the teacher, he screams aloud and clings to his mother.

The mother forgets the story of the monstrous teacher but the child remembers it. The recollection may be vague and inaccurate but the Fear is strong. The teacher is somebody that will hurt him. He is sure of it. There is nothing to be done but take him home and gradually accustom him to going to school and becoming acquainted with the teacher.

There is the silly story about the rag man who carries off little children in his bag. I have seen children halt, turn, and run back because they saw the harmless junkman coming down the street.

An organ grinder stopped in front of the school one afternoon when the children in the Baby Class were out for recess. The babies had a wonderful time with the monkey who climbed upon their shoulders and lovingly patted their faces. He was a gentle, affectionate monkey, and the children laughed aloud in their glee while the old organ man stood in the background, beaming with happiness.

One wee girl stood back from the others and looked most unhappy. She was a very sensitive child and the teacher, thinking she felt herself neglected or that perhaps she was too shy to come nearer, took her up to the group with the monkey.

THE monkey sprang from the shoulder of one little girl to the other and patted her face with his cold little hand. The timid child shook off the monkey, gasped and sank in a heap at the teacher's feet.

When she had been restored and was resting on the couch at home, her mother told the teacher that that was quite what she would have expected to happen.

"She has a great fear of monkeys and organ grinders. You see, I have heard of children who wandered off after the monkey and were lost. I warned her against it, and I told her that the monkey that rode on the organ man's back was a little girl that had followed him one day and the organ man had turned her into a monkey. Being a monkey now, she could never turn into a little girl again.

"I guess that scared her. Anyway," she said complacently, "she has never taken to monkeys and organ grinders and it is just as well that she hasn't."

The teacher tried to tell the mother that the fear of the monkey was bad; that more than the monkey was to be considered; that perhaps the fear of the monkey and the organ man would come back later to do great harm to this sensitive little girl.

This notion, the mother would not accept. "Of course, being a teacher you have your own ideas about it. I don't say you are right or wrong. I think girls should be kept closely at home and if the fear of the monkey will keep mine from following strange Italians all over the town, I'm glad of it."

Then there are the doctor and the policeman, both of them much needed friends of the children. But how many children look upon them as friends?

"If you don't keep quiet, the doctor will come and he'll take a pair of scissors out of his big black bag and cut a piece off your tongue." The child may have his doubts about your assertion but he has registered the doctor as an enemy and he is afraid of him.

"SEE that big policeman over there? If you don't come along this minute and stop making a fuss he will take you and put you in his big stone jail and you won't get home again, ever." Some day the child's life may depend upon the doctor or the policeman and he can do nothing because the child recognizes him only as an enemy. He has been trained to fear the people, who might help him in the day of trouble.

Why not teach the children the truth? Why not tell them that the doctor is their very good friend and his black bag carries hope and comfort for the sick and suffering?

Why not tell them that the policeman guards them day and night? That he takes care of them and protects them from danger? Why not teach them to look for his blue coat and bright buttons whenever help is needed?

Again, the stories of the parents' own fears and failures are added to the child's burden of Fear. Father tells Sonnie a story.

"When I was a little lad, I was afraid of my life of the old gray cat that lived in the barn. I was so afraid of that cat that I wouldn't go near the place, if I thought she would come out and look at me. Her big green eyes used to burn like fire against the blackness of the barn. They would make the cold shivers run down my back.

"One day mother sent me to the barn for the eggs. Just as I was coming out, with a hat full of eggs, that cat sprang and the green eyes looked at me.

"I let out a yell and ran for my life. I ran so fast that I fell all over myself. Head over heels I went into a puddle of dirty water and smashed every egg flat. My, I was afraid of that harmless old cat!"

Sonnie was smiling and nodding all through the story. Father thought he had told him a very amusing story and that Sonnie had enjoyed it. That is all true. But what about the next time Sonnie meets a strange cat who looks at him with green eyes? If he is anything like Father, he is going to be afraid. A fresh fear has been grafted upon an old one already strong through heredity.

Little ones are very suggestible and especially suggestible to Fear. They are so prone to think they will meet with difficulties. They are likely to expect to fail rather than to succeed. It comes easier to them to be fearful than to be brave whether about work or play or lessons or the varied experiences of their day.

THE adults seem to give them very little help. Rather they seem to pile up the burden. They hem the children in with silly conventions. They teach them that a certain dress, certain manners, certain customs are as the Commandments. Fear of breaking one of them hangs over the children like a cloud of wrath. To be talked about, or to be laughed at, is terrible to childhood.

Sooner than take the punishment that comes to those who are "different," the thoughtful, aspiring children hide away, suffer and keep silent. Fear has robbed them of the charm of youth. It has stolen from them their fearlessness in action, their grace of movement, their joy in initiative, their assurance, their strength.

How shall we make the children fearless? How shall we restore their courage? One of the best ways is to encourage the fearless child. Praise him when you meet him. Speak well of him to other people. It is astonishing to find that people think they admire fearless children when in reality they do nothing of the kind.

An elderly gentleman was gathering a bunch of his favorite roses while the dew was still fresh upon them. Three-year-old Bobby who lived a few lawns beyond, saw him in the rose garden and crossed over to visit him.

THE SCHOOL JANITOR

HAVE you ever thought about the janitor of the school, and what an important part he plays in the lives of our children? "A jack of all trades," he has been called, and rightly, too. He it is who, in the dark hours of the winter mornings, tends the fires so that at nine o'clock teachers and pupils will be warm. He it is who keeps the schoolhouse clean, who looks after the school plants and gardens, waters and weeds them. He even mends refractory clocks and does odd jobs for the teachers, hanging pictures, adjusting electric lights.

Thus we see that the school janitor is more than an invisible person who tends the fires; he, like the teachers and the principals and the parents, is working for the good of America's chidren.

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"Hullo! Gaddering roses? Please let me smell them. M-m-m-m-, don't they smell good?"

The gentleman turned sharply on his heel and stamped into the house leaving the hurt and bewildered Bobby standing alone among the roses.

"Nuisance!" sputtered the man. "That child actually entered my garden and addressed me and he hasn't even been introduced. What is this generation coming to? Our parents and teachers taught us manners. Nobody seems to have any standards now-a-days."

This gentleman had been an army officer and adored bravery—and formality. He preferred to have children and lesser folk generally show a little timidity in his presence. He called it respect, but its right name is Fear. This attitude is not peculiar to retired army officers.

Try to believe in the fearless child. Try to do nothing that will instil Fear. Try to believe and teach that Fear is unnecessary and unreal. When you find that a child is afraid of something, coax him as close to it as possible. Let him take it into his hands and, if practicable, touch it, at least when his courage grows sufficiently strong. Let him look at it again and again—a familiar enemy becomes almost a friend—and the Fear will gradually disappear.

IF his Fear has to do with ancestral dreads—a dislike of fur or feathers—there is always the barnyard and the Zoo. Frequent visits and friendly contact with the animals will establish the understanding that drives away Fear.

If it is Fear of the Nature mysteries, the wind and the shadows and the moon and the stars and the darkness, tell him the beautiful stories that the masters have written about them. Tell him the story of the Creation. What God has made can hold no evil for His little children.

Teach him Stevenson's songs. The child who knows, "I have a little shadow," and "O wind a-blowing all day long," and "Whenever the moon and stars are set," will have nothing but love and trust for the wonders about him. His soul will be filled with gratitude and appreciation. He will be filled with reverence for the Power of the universe and in his mind Fear will find no place.

As for the silly and useless class conventions, we have no one to blame but ourselves when we permit them to hamper the souls of our children. We, who have lived long enough to have children in our care, have sufficient experience and should have sufficient judgment to hold fast to that which is good and discard that which is evil for the children's sake.

We should be able to teach them that success, measured in terms of social success on a dollar basis, is not the true valuation of life service. We can teach them that the quest is the thing. We can teach the child to face life fearlessly so long as he holds truth on his side. Truth alone can kill Fear.

The little girl fell into her mother's arms in a panic because she thought something was pursuing her from the attic

FEAR must be killed! It is the most distressing burden that struggling humanity has to carry. Deep in the secret place of each of us it lies hidden, a great, shadowy, spidery thing, ready to reach out its thready fingers and lay hold on everything that is fine and bold and brave.

When the soul says, "Speak! Speak out for the cause you believe in!" Fear says, "Be silent! You will lose your job!"

Duty calls, "Protest! Protest against the oppression of the weak!" but Fear says, "Be still! The powerful of the earth have spoken. Who are you to cry aloud to your own undoing?"

One plans a good deed, a noble action. Instantly Fear's chilly tentacles grope their way toward it and the brave soul must battle mightily.

A Fine man halts on the brink of achievement. "Too bad," we say. "He had a great opportunity there and let it slip by."

The man was afraid. Fear had risen out of the depths of his soul and cast its ugly shadow over it. He faltered and the opportunity slipped by.

THEN, teach the children the truth. Teach them to search for it. Train them to challenge each new situation with a "Show me!" That way Freedom lies. The other way leads to the wail of the Patriarch, "The thing I greatly feared has come upon me."

An Important Announcement to Subscribers
Will be Found on Page 5

Original from

Benda in his studio. Most of the decorations and carved pieces were done by Benda himself

AN ARTIST WHO CAME FROM POLAND *and* BROUGHT A RICH GIFT

By Emily Frances Robbins

YOU would never mistake him for anyone but an artist, or possibly a musician. I had not seen him. I knew of him simply as one who did decorative illustrations for books and magazines, besides gorgeous mural paintings, and who made face masks as a hobby. I pressed an electric button—by the wrong door, for behind me it was another door that opened—I turned; and there the artist was standing. His brown hair was combed loosely back from his high forehead. "Polish" flashed into my mind from the countenance of a slender man of medium height, of forty-odd years. The impression was so striking that I do not remember anything that was said between that sensation and my asking him if he knew Paderewski personally. He did—of course. There were the unmistakable marks in the artist's face of those long-continued studious habits which are the price of culture—an artist who naturally knew music as literature and all the other arts as well.

IT is hard for the native born to realize that many who come to us from foreign lands bring real gifts that add to our national store. W. T. Benda is a fine example. As illustrator, painter, and decorative artist he has for years given us aesthetic pleasure. Always simple and sincere, his sense of beauty appears in everything he does, whether it is a picture in a popular magazine, a decoration, a piece of carving, or one of his strange and lovely masks, made out of bits of paper and colored. He has richly paid us for the American citizenship which he values so highly

Meantime, I had stepped from an austere white hallway out of a conventional work-a-day world, over the threshold of the studio. I was standing, surprised, transported, within another world—a world of golden painted beauty. The beauty was not there as something to sell but as an inherent part of the furnishings of a studio home, where an artist lived and breathed in his own kind of atmosphere. It was a part of his intimate personal requirements. Millionaires might well envy him. They could not buy with money the kind of luxury with which he was surrounded; things made by the long-acquired culture of his own mind, without regard to cost in time or effort, and out of an impelling love of beautiful things. One needed to travel no

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Benda at work on an illustration

pressure from within me to do what I wish, to create the things that give me comfort and by which I am stimulated; and there is the pressure from without, to do what makes an immediate, practical living. These two things constantly fight with each other."

Was he distressed by the conflict? Not at all! He had discovered that it was his greatest blessing. "The two things somehow help each other," he declared. "My decorative painting constantly betters my illustration, which, further than the things of this studio to learn of the artist's abilities and character; indeed, it was in his kindly, patient explanations regarding them (in perfectly correct though diffdent English) and in the refined lovability of his modesty, that the artist revealed the true qualities of mind by which he has so enviably succeeded.

There was a door-panel with a golden background behind a beautiful lady and a gorgeous bird of paradise. Another door-panel, not yet completed, was also golden in background, with demons on flying horses fighting in the air, in illustration of some Oriental legend. There was a large piece of furniture which he called a bench, a sort of divan with a high winged back, carved by himself and decorated with dull, soft colors; also another high wooden thing, holding important looking books, the back of which had a golden panel designed with some Polish mountaineer *motif*. A low window was covered with quiet, soft silk, upon which the artist had painted a deep and colorful border of his own design. The walls were either hung with soft golden-brown material, held by narrow, gold-carved mouldings, or paneled with large square drawings and paintings. But in particular, hanging high above reach (for a very good reason!) were the gaily draped heads of beautifully vivid women—as masks.

Only a mask! You have seen masks over children's faces on the Fourth of July, made of paper, or of canvas and wax, pressed over a steel form. But you have never seen masks like these—masks constructed without form or model, by the artists's own fingers, just from pieces of wrapping paper, with scissors and paste, and colored by him to resemble life—for they are the only ones of their kind in the world. Each one represents sweet stolen time during months of busy work, besides a conception of beauty and a knowledge of the human head which it takes nearly a lifetime to acquire. Placed over the face for masquerade, they see, they breathe! I venture to predict that some day they will furnish one of our priceless museum exhibits as a rare artistic achievement. And, curiously, there was a vague resemblance in some of them to the artist's own face, an illusive irregularity of features. Was it not the world's greatest painter, Leonardo da Vinci, who was the first to say that all artists paint their own likeness into the faces of others and, unconsciously, seek ever their own reflection!

The masks above are made of wrapping paper, with scissors and paste

I asked him what had been the effort, the point of view; how happy or how sad had been the experience? Had his art at sometime or other been a struggle?

He smiled, shyly. The word was amusing. *Sometime* a struggle? Always it had been a struggle! Perhaps, he would better say it had been a conflict. "Although I do some decorative painting, my main business is book and magazine illustration," he said. "Practically, I live on that. But this work does not always represent what I wish in my heart to do. There are many things I desire to paint, decorative things, for instance. So there is the in turn, helps me in the successful achievement of the more important things that I desire to do. When I have something in hand that seems uninteresting and a poor kind of work, and I do not think it is good and up to my ideals, the more it makes me think of something quite different from that, something really good in contrast, as a reaction, something sublime. And this conflict greatly excites me, until I actually undertake something big to

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paint, in the midst of a great rush of work. It almost looks insane to start an ambitious work at such a time but it becomes very important to me, and I am up early and toiling. Someone will come in and say, 'Why, I thought you were so busy with illustration!' And I will tell him, 'Yes, I am!' But I cannot sleep, and cannot do anything for thinking of this work. I may persuade myself that I have the other things that must be done, and yet I find myself at three o'clock in the morning working on the thing that has taken possession of me, not knowing when the time has passed, with no sense of fatigue (whereas on some work I may very soon feel tired), and without any detriment to my health from the long hours. I find myself working with a fire and eagerness that I do not always have if plenty of time is available. I have often taken vacations, for instance, in which I had nothing to do but work of my own choosing and, to my surprise, I have not started anything important, or worked with anything like the same stimulation!

"From the practical business work also, I develop faculties which are highly important for the success of my other paintings. For instance, I must actually finish an illustration at a specified time. I cannot go to an editor and say I am not able to get it done. This is splendid discipline, for one is liable to begin a thing, find it difficult, and then shirk or to begin another before that is finished. My illustration experience trains me to demand of myself to go on to a finish."

THERE were quite a number of Chinese things about—a huge carved teakwood panel to go across one whole side of the studio, a golden shrine of great intricacy, big bronze vases, an ingenious stage garment, a god carved in jade. "I have not chosen these things from any predilection for the Chinese," the artist explained, "but because they remind me of certain things which it is important for me never to forget. One of the faculties absolutely necessary in any important achievement is almost limitless patience for long hard work. I think that many do not succeed because they have a facility for doing certain things, and then think that everything else can be done just as easily—which is not true. These specimens of Chinese workmanship are an exhibition of long and painstaking work. They inspire me in one way—they remind me of what can be done. They are wonderful for the work the artists were not afraid to put into them. If you look at that old English carved chair, you will see it is beautiful only in the front, that the back is flat and quite uninteresting. But this Chinese panel is carved as splendidly in the back as in the front, it is beautiful no matter how you look at it. That Chinese shrine, though made to hang on the wall, is also beautifully carved and decorated on the back. Some things have been done quickly, spontaneously, at a time of great artistic fervor (although usually only after long years of preparatory study and effort, like certain sketches which are beautiful and admired after centuries, but most beautiful things need a combination of spontaneity and long, hard effort—so much work as people would not believe possible. These Chinese things are always a reminder to me of that.

"My masks are one of the ways in which I try to develop that patience. When I exhibit them, people say to me, 'Now listen, you should have these copyrighted because other people will imitate them.' I tell them, 'Let them try,' I am almost sure that they will not have the patience to go on with it—so many have started and never carried it through. I have seldom done anything in my life so much appreciated by artists as these masks, they go wild over them. But also they are appreciated by people who do not know anything about art, and especially by children—that is why I hang them so high!"

And how had America helped him? He was quite sure no other country would have been so appreciative and ready with assistance. He was only five years old when his father, who was a musician in Poland, arranged for his first drawing lesson—before he learned to read or write! He had attended an art school at Cracow, an ancient Polish city and art center, and also one in Vienna. But in every country he had studied and worked out of the beaten path of tourists, the Balkan States for instance, were one of his favorite sketching grounds. London was more cordial, perhaps, than either France or Germany, but nowhere was there cordiality like the cordiality of America. He still remembers with surprise how good was everyone in America, in wishing to aid him, when as a young man in his twenties he had come all the way from Poland to a California ranch to visit his Aunt, the famous emotional actress, Madame Modjeska. And is he going to make America his permanent home? Evidently—since he has been here some twenty years and has long since become a citizen!

And if he could do just the work that he pleased; in other words, if he were rich, what would he do? Well, probably not much of anything at all—until he found some other thing to struggle against, that opposition we all need in life, some new conflict!

WHO GOES THERE?

The Boston Chamber of Commerce Warns the Public

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the deadliest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone, over $300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor; the young and old; the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless! I am everywhere; in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, death. And yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, maim, take all, and give nothing.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS!

Colonel Roosevelt and the ox team he drove

WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS HERE

The story of his visit to the Berry Schools and the speech he made there

By Ida M. Tarbell

NO one who travels widely through the country can avoid noting how rapidly we are accumulating a great mass of entertaining Roosevelt legends. From one ocean to the other, communities, many of them small, are including in their annals, often as the most precious page of those annals, tales of "When Roosevelt was Here." He seems rarely to have made a visit of any duration that he did not leave with his hosts something of his vigorous straightforward definite personality. Everywhere he went, he seems to have spurred the local effort for good and to have spit out contempt on any meanness, self-seeking, or backward tendency that he saw. He walked through a community, according to local authorities, sorting wheat from chaff with almost an unerring hand.

Sit down in one of these communities where a Roosevelt legend is in process of creation and you will have as entertaining an evening as often comes your way. Such was my fortune not long ago. I sat in a big half-moon of teachers before a blazing fire in the great stone fireplace of a log cabin, a cabin they called "The heart of the school" since it was the first gathering place in the history of what I am afraid must now be called an institution, so big and important has it become. The founder was there, as well as men and women who had grown up with her. The pleasant talk had not gone far, when somebody quoted Roosevelt; and they were off to tell me the tale of "When Roosevelt was Here."

I had already seen enough of the Berry Schools, near Rome, Georgia, to sense how deeply they would appeal to Theodore Roosevelt's robust and practical nature. They are a great achievement. It is not often that I feel free to use the word "democratic;" it is made to cover so many sins, so often it reeks of cant and stupidity. But down at the Berry Schools they have put reality into the word. They have done it largely, as I see it, by eliminating all hirelings. Everybody serves and is rewarded according to his effort; but there are no servants.

The place has been built up from the soil, acre by acre, log by log, the work all done by teachers and pupils; Martha Berry, the founder, leading and using her hands quite as freely as her head. Everybody is a worker and workers are the great aristocracy—an excellent setting and an excellent atmosphere for Theodore Roosevelt, a place which would satisfy every one of his healthy natural instincts, a place where his emphatic notions about the soil, labor, religion, families, all are carried out to the full.

Nobody would realize more clearly

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than he, too, that these schools are the result of a mighty individual effort, the effort of one woman, a woman of unfaltering vision and the courage to endure the anguish of spirit that realizing a vision always means in this imperfect world. a woman who has sacrificed for the thing she has undertaken every tradition, every comfort, every dollar of material wealth, every natural womanly hope; and done it like a lady, with a smiling face and without faltering.

The Berry Schools grew out of an incident which would have meant nothing to many a woman. One pleasant Sunday afternoon some twenty years ago, Martha Berry, a young woman of twenty or thereabouts, was reading in a little log cabin retreat that had been her playhouse in childhood, a tiny cottage in one corner of the park in which the old Berry homestead stands. Suddenly she saw three wild little faces peering in at the window, children strayed down from the Lavendar mountains. She coaxed them in, as one might so many young foxes, and gave them cakes and told them stories. It was the beginning of a regular Sunday afternoon meeting in the playhouse. These meetings grew and grew until they outgrew the space. for not only the children from the mountains, but their parents came. Appalled by what she learned of the ignorance of the people, the way in which they were utterly cut off from schools and churches, Miss Berry determined to start a small industrial school. She had little more than a shack to start with, a shack in which she worked with her own hands, cooking and washing in the intervals of teaching. The children from the mountains pressed upon her with demands. She used all her own means, and then went out to ask for assistance from others. In ten years, Martha Berry's valiant effort had become known to a select group of people interested in education in various centers of the country.

It was about this time that she met Theodore Roosevelt, and dropped a word about her school. With that extraordinary eagerness which he had for any undertaking in which he got a sniff of his pet traditions mingled with fresh air, he asked her to come to the White House and tell him more. When the opportunity came, you may be sure she used it.

Anyone who went to the White House to see Roosevelt must always remember the experience; the heartiness of the greeting, the quick appraising of the request you made, or of the information you brought, the terseness of the settling of your case. Miss Berry went in armed with the photographic history of the Berry School—a tremendous book, full of big and little photographs. Roosevelt pinned himself to that book as if it were the only thing of value in Washington. "Tell me about this." "How did you do that?" "How did you get hold of that boy?" "What's his name?" And so he went on, lost to the nation in his interest in the pictured tale. A secretary came in and slid a card under his nose. "The Senator is waiting. He had an appointment at this hour." "Tell him to wait," Roosevelt said. "I have got to see this clear through. This is the real thing," bringing his fist down with a bang. "and I must know about it." And he went to the end of the book. Martha Berry's part in his absorption should not be overlooked. It is related that when Mr. Taft was President, she found her way to him on a particularly busy day when the secretaries were trying to be firm as adamant. A junior in the body, seeing how she was handling the President, telephoned to his chief, "You had better come down quick. *A ball of fire* has struck the White House!"

I once heard a man, interested in certain social reforms which were much at the front in Roosevelt's time, say it was not so much the definite thing he did for you, but the fact that he created an atmosphere around him in which you could work. "Miss Berry," he said, "I can't give money to your school, and I can't do much for it, but I believe in it and I am going to interest some people in it who can do something for it." A few days later, she received an invitation to dinner at the White House. She supposed that she had been invited out of courtesy but. to her surprise. on arriving she found herself put at the President's right and found as her dinner companions a group of large-minded and large-pocketed individuals, famous the country over for their intelligent support of worth-while educational undertakings. After the soup. the President rapped for silence. "I want Miss Berry to tell you about her school." he said. Anybody that has ever heard Martha Berry talk knows how she can

THE BERRY SCHOOLS

IN AN hundred-acre tract of woods near Rome, Georgia, on January 13, 1902, a school for boys was opened. It was a simple enough beginning. The school house was a two-story frame building, square and bare, with only such furniture as the founder, Martha Berry, could beg or borrow. The teachers were Miss Berry and a friend, Elizabeth Brewster. The pupils were five in number. The income? It was a school supported by love, faith and work. There was no income!

The news of it spread through the Southern Highlands and boys, large and small, came in increasing numbers, often without a penny in their pockets or an extra garment for their backs but "ready to work their way through."

Miss Berry put into the school everything that she possessed and then went out to find friends to support and enlarge her undertaking. It was not only the appeal that the story of the boys made that won her a following; it was the method by which she was seeking to help them. The Berry School, indeed, started out to give poor white boys of the mountains training in those industries which were needed to develop the backward communities from which they came—to fit them for scientific farming; fruit culture; stock raising; dairy work; house building; road making, as well as to teach in the country schools and help to run their communities. All teaching was done through actual work. The boys cleared the land, put in the crops, ran the dairy, did the cooking, laundry and housework, raised the stock.

The response was so generous that in ten years, the Berry School—a girls' school had been added in which girls were taught scientific management of the home, care of children, nursing, cooking, laundry work, gardening, weaving, basketry, as well as the three R's and what follows them—were incorporated, owned 2,000 acres of land, a plant worth $200,000, and had a body of two hundred students and twenty teachers. The second decade of the school is not quite finished but already the plant and following of 1912 has been more than doubled.

The training at Berry is given with the distinct understanding that those who profit by it are, in their turn, to go back to their communities and spread what they have learned. During the past nineteen years, many hundreds of young men and women have gone back to their homes to pass on what Berry has taught them. Every community that they have touched has been improved by their work and their example. It is knowledge of this that has made friends for the school and that should make many more in the future. So far it has been the indomitable energy and spirit of Miss Berry that has been carrying the burden of the support of the institution. Yearly, she goes out to raise by personal solicitation the large sum that, under the most careful and economical management, is necessary for conducting the huge plant. The contribution that the school is making to the development of the Southern Highlands and so, indirectly, to the whole country, as well as the demonstration of the soundness of its educational ideas—a no mean contribution to American pedagogy—make it imperative that somehow a suitable endowment be found to carry on the work and free Miss Berry from the burden of responsibility and labor of annual money raising which she has so long and so valiantly carried.

rise to the occasion. Cultivated, with great charm of manner and face, a voice that has all the reed-like quality of Mrs. Fiske's, a fund of anecdote about her people as full of laughter as of tears—I don't know anybody who can better present a case; and, listening to her, you get such a sense of something valid and solid, of something that hits bottom and really does what it sets out to do. That dinner made supporters for Martha Berry's school who have never left her; but the thing she got out of it which she prized most was a promise from Roosevelt that he would visit her.

THIS must have been along about 1908, when the scheme was only six years old. He never forgot. In 1909, he wrote from the White House, "There is no school in which I have taken so much interest as I have in the Berry School. It is in very fact what its title denotes—A Christian, Industrial School for Country Boys. I believe with all my heart in the work you are doing. When I return from Africa, I intend to come down myself with Mrs Roosevelt so that we can see the School, and the boys as well, in person. My only regret is that you have not a school for girls." (The Girl's School has been established since.)

He did not forget. From London in June, 1910, he wrote again: "If I can get down, as I hope, to Atlanta, I must see your school. But don't ask me to make any definite engagement now; I must wait until I get home."

The following October, he kept his promise.

Fancy the excitement when it was known that the hope they had so long cherished was coming true, fancy the work to set things ship-shape. There had been a long dry season. For six weeks there had been no rain and anybody who knows what the Georgia soil can become through six weeks of dryness will appreciate the dust on the Berry School estate. It would never do, everybody decided, so when Roosevelt goes to Rome and wheedles the mayor into lending a watering cart. The cart was so big and cumbersome and the bridges out Berry way were so frail that the boys had to repair them in order to make it safe to get the cart in; but they did it, and the place was sprinkled from end to end, until the dust of six weeks of dryness was wiped off everything that could be reached. Scarcely had they finished their Herculean task, when it began to rain, rain in torrents! When Roosevelt's private car appeared at 8.30 the next morning on the branch road that passes the school—a road popularly known as the "Rome and Nowhere!"—the deluge was still falling. It was a bedraggled and heartbroken reception party that greeted him.

In such circumstances, Theodore Roosevelt was bound to come out strong. I think he rather liked it that way. He rushed from the car, pulled down his hat and turning up his trouser legs and coat collar, bounded off, seized Miss Berry's hand, crying "It's bully to be here at last!" "And from that hour," so they all said around the cabin fire, "we forgot that it was raining. Nobody thought of it from the moment he arrived until after he had left."

They were putting their best foot forward and the best foot was a surrey into which was harnessed Nip and Tuck, the school mules, so called because they had been bought literally pound by pound, with pennies saved and begged. And the rounds began through one of the loveliest pieces of natural woods that I have ever seen, very much trimmed up in these days but much less so ten years ago, when Roosevelt saw them. If the party, however, any idea that they were going to make their guest follow a fixed program, it was soon gone. One of the first things was a meeting with a yoke of oxen, bringing in a heavy load of wood. "It has been so warm," they explained, "that we were not prepared for fires, so the boys hustled out early in the morning, when we saw how cold it was, to bring in a load of wood." The moment Roosevelt put his eye on that turnout, he bounded out of the surrey, "That's where I want to ride!" he said; and up he got, in true historic yoke and Mr. Roosevelt's joy in it was great when they told him how the owner, and the driver at that moment, had appeared a couple of years before at the door of the office, saying, "I want to trade these oxen for an education." The deal was carried through, the school owned the oxen and the boy was getting his education; but such was his attachment to the animals which he had himself raised that he was allowed to be their attendant. Roosevelt mounted the cart but not merely as a rider; nothing would do but that he should have the whip and drive himself; and so they went on to make their rounds.

IF YOU have ever built up anything from the bottom, raw land, a first shack, done your cooking over a makeshift fire-place out of doors, washed your clothes in the open, and have come to a point where you have a perfectly water-proof kitchen, with a civilized stove; to the point where you have a real bake-oven, also water-proof; and, perhaps most important of all, a laundry with tube and running water and all kinds of new-fangled laundry appliances, then you know what joy is, joy in achievement; and I don't know anything that will go to your heart more quickly than to have somebody whom you think has never known any such early hardships as yours, whom you never dreamed could have had an experience which would give him a taste of the satisfaction you are feeling in the present achievement, come in and show that he knows exactly what you started with, how cold and wet and disheartened you must have been while you were washing those clothes out of doors and how he, too, rejoices with all his heart over this honest-to-goodness modern laundry. Well, now, that was the case when Roosevelt visited the laundry and the bakery and all the rest at the Berry School.

He saw the whole thing from the start. "I know," he said, "I saw in the picture how you washed those things, and isn't it fine you have this?" And, "Boys, what fun it is to do this!" to the boys turning out the clothes that he might see that they really were doing it all right. They all tell you how the boys, after this experience, dropped everything and joined the procession, buzzing around him so that there was no getting them away. It was the same at the bakery. They turn out wonderful rolls at the Berry School, the kind they make in the South; and they were making them in quantities. And their butter is as good as their rolls; and Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot and a dozen or more reporters from all parts of the country stood there in the pouring rain and buttered hot rolls as fast as they could be pulled from the oven, and ate them in the Southern fashion, dripping with butter; and everybody joined the chorus of "Bullies!" that the President started.

IT WAS not only the appreciation of the achievement, but more important perhaps was the appreciation of the human material with which this school deals. Roosevelt saw as clearly as his hosts that here you have the pure Anglo-Saxon type. There is nothing so undiluted on these shores. It shows itself in a way that is almost unbelievable. One cannot go to the Berry School without stopping in a startled way now and then and saying, "Abraham Lincoln!" That was what Roosevelt did almost at the start, picking on a boy that was on the reception committee, a boy with the wide cheek bones, the high forehead, the deep-set eyes, the nose—everything but the mouth. You see him in the picture here. Again, and again, Roosevelt sensed the quality in this or that face.

His interest in the individual tales was endless; but then these tales are of a kind that would enthrall any honest mind, for they are tales of youth—youth hidden in remote places, without contact with books or schools, in some magical way fired with a passion for knowledge, literally working its way out through the walls that shut it in. What does it? How can it be that a boy of ten, twelve or fourteen, born in a far-away cove in these mountains where there are no roads and, sometimes, no paths but the bed of a stream, with never a book, never a teacher, and rarely a preacher—how can it be that that lad will say to himself, "I must find a way to know, to understand things." They do it. They are doing it all over these beautiful mountains of the middle East, driven, no doubt, by the mysterious higher thing that drives men and that we still, dull that we are, doubt.

Roosevelt heard about lads that had spent a season making a cotton crop that gave them ten, fifteen or twenty dollars; of others that had sold "varmint" skins; of many a one that, without a dollar in his pocket, had walked over the mountains and down to the school and presented himself—bare footed, with nothing in the world but

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A graduating class of boys and girls of our Southern Highlands

A cousin of the famous Sergeant Yorke. This lad, after saving three dollars and fifty cents, walked twenty miles to the railroad, spent all of his money getting to Rome; then walked out to the Berry Schools, penniless and with only the clothes which he wore, and announced to Miss Berry: "I've come to school"

what he had on his back, announcing that he had come to get an education. That was the way many of them had started—these boys into whose faces he looked. And how he rejoiced in it!

On their rounds they visited the beginning of the Girls' School of which he had spoken in the letter which I have already quoted. The Girls' School had been made possible, indeed, it was almost forced by the boys themselves who were continually asking that their sisters might have some of the advantages that they had. A touching tribute was paid to Roosevelt by the girls. They had just begun the handicraft work which since has been developed in variety and quality to a degree quite unusual. The most precious possession of the school at that time was an old coverlid done by the grandmother of one of the girls, of exquisite pattern and weaving, and when they came to look about for what they could give him, the owner said, "He shall have this." It was presented to him with a little speech and Roosevelt, who had been saying from the start, "I wish Mrs. Roosevelt were here"; "I wish Mrs. Roosevelt could see this"; immediately exclaimed, "How pleased Mrs. Roosevelt will be!" When they offered to pack and send it on, he said, "Not at all. I shall carry it," and all day long he did carry it, never letting it go out of his hands. Do you wonder that these shy simple mountain folk whose sense of the human qualities is as true and just and unspoiled as that of a child, adored him; him who came to them fresh from his triumphal tours and entered so perfectly into their feelings and their undertakings; a man of whom they were not afraid, whom they understood, and who, they knew, understood them?

Of course, there were to be speeches, and lunch was not over—a lunch which had to be transferred from the lawn where elaborate preparations for an out-of-door feast had been made, to the small capacity of this very log cabin where I was hearing the story—before Roosevelt began to say, "When am I to make my speech? I want to talk. I can't wait! I am bursting to tell you what I think. How long is your program?"

It was not a long program, and it really would have been a pity to have cut it shorter, with its welcoming song:

"Has anybody here seen Teddy?
T-E-double-D-Y?
Has anybody here seen Teddy?
Have you seen him smile?
We know this much, he's Georgia Dutch,
And American all the while.
Oh, everybody here's seen Teddy,
T-E-double-D-Y."

This was followed by the presentation of a big stick, with a speech from a senior boy, admirably voicing what I think those youngsters felt.

"We followed you, Mr. Roosevelt," he told him, "to Europe, to Rome, to France, to Germany and to England. It was bully to read how you stirred them up wherever you went. We liked the way you talked to them out West; and the 'form' you showed at Saratoga when you beat the 'Old Guard,' showed that you had 'come back,' and that was bully too. But we are most of all delighted to have you with us to-day, for we feel that you will find yourself at home where 'there's something doing all the time.'

"We believe in the fight you are making for clean politics and the old-

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fashioned virtues in public life. More strength, we say, to your good right arm as you belabor the 'malefactors of wealth,' the 'men higher up,' the 'boodlers,' the 'race suiciders,' the 'Ananiases' and other 'undesirable citizens,' with your hefty stick. Hit 'em again for us.

"And now that you, O Jungle King, may remember us, in the name and in behalf of the student body, I present to you this corporation scourge, this purifier of politics, this tyranny tranquilizer, this Big Stick."

And then Mr. Roosevelt bounded to his feet and made what the reporters agreed in saying was the best speech they had heard him make that season.

IT WAS a good speech for the students of the Berry School, and it was just as good a speech for the students of any school. As a matter of fact, I don't know that the nation itself could have a talk made to it more appropriate to-day than this speech that Roosevelt made ten years ago.

A preliminary word and he dashed into what he had been so eager to say:

"My friends, I am going to do to you what I do not think that I have ever done for any other audience, and that is to speak a little about myself personally. In so far as I have been a success, it has been absolutely, solely through doing the ordinary things that any man could do, but that nobody does, or that so many people do not do to the point that they ought to. It is often—among my very intellectual opponents—it is often stated, as a matter of complaint, that I preach what is commonplace and humdrum. I do—and so I intend to do! Honesty, courage, decency, tenderness and truth combined—they are all commonplace virtues, but they are essential virtues. They are the main things that I want to see developed in the American man and the American woman and, therefore, in the American boy and the American girl. I never got anything in my life by an unusual display of genius, or even by an unusual display of talent. Whatever I got has always come through doing a number of things just as hard as I know how. Each of them perfectly ordinary things, but ordinary things that ordinary people do not do, or at least did not do to the extent that was necessary in order to make a great success through doing them. Now, the longer I live the less difference it makes in my mind what position the man holds, so long as he does his duty in that position in the highest possible way.

"If the effort of this school was to train you away from the farm and merely to give you higher tastes without the additional ability to gratify them by your own efforts and so to lead more useful lives; if that was the purpose or the effect of the teaching in this school, I should not have come here. I would have nothing to do with it. This school trains the boy to go back to the farm and to do his part in making farming a skilled profession; making it a profession like the law, like any other profession. It trains the girl so that she can go back to the farm and, as wife and mother, do her part—and it is a part even greater than the man's—in elevating the home.

"One of the least desirable features of our present day civilization is that while there are a great many big men, men of note, who were born on the farm, most of them do not die on the farm. Now, that was not so in the early days of this country. Then our greatest men were men like Washington, who lived and died a farmer, a man out in the open country; and the great majority of our most eminent leaders were men who followed the career of a man who makes his living from the land. I am very glad to see, as all of us are glad to see, a city grow up, provided, however, that its growth is a part of the general growth of the country. If the growth of the city supplements the growth of the country it is a good thing, but if it is a substitute for the growth of the country it is a very bad thing. That is something I want you to think of. I want you to go away from this school feeling the pride—those of you who go back to live on the farm—feeling the pride that you ought to feel in following but for which stands at the base of the welfare of our whole land. We can get along in this country more or less well without almost every other type of man, but the one man whom we cannot get along without is the farmer. I regard this school as one of the influences which are going to place the career of the farmer on a higher standard of dignity, of usefulness and of reward. If a farmer is an ignoramus, if the average farmer is utterly ignorant, of course the profession will be looked down upon; but you boys who come to the city who go away have nothing to fear in comparison with the men in other professions. But more than that; you are trained, not merely in the ordinary literary exercise, but you are trained in the handicrafts, so that when you go back you will have the ability to make the farm on a better paying basis and to make the farm house an attractive place in which men and women can live and bring up their children.

"NOW, those are two of the things that this school is specially designed to teach; to give you a training that will enable you to help yourselves. Remember—and I am sure, looking at your faces, that I do not have to say to you to remember—that each man has got to lift himself. I misread you, my young friends, if you are not straight Americans. You have got that spirit in you. Now, until a man can lift himself, he cannot lift anyone else. If there is a being more utterly contemptible than another, it is the shiftless creature who has a taste for corn whiskey and tobacco and who spends his time at the cross-roads store saying how he is going to have passed some governmental scheme for helping everybody, while he himself can live his miserable life only because his wife takes in washing.

"Your first duty is to handle yourselves so that you can afford to marry and that you can keep your wife and children decently, and as they ought to be kept. A woman's first duty is to be able to do her part, to take care of the household, see that it shall be a fairly attractive home, a home that will keep the husband there instead of tending to drive him somewhere else, and that will give decent surroundings in which the children can be brought up. That is the fact, but that is not all. That is the industrial side of the school. You must have the Christian side in addition. In addition to helping yourselves you must steadily try to help others.

"The great growth, the real growth, in modern Christian civilization has been the growth of the type of man who is both a strong man and a good man. Whenever you go among savage tribes, as I did last year, you find that the strong man treats goodness as a sign of weakness. That is one of the great difficulties we always have in first dealing with the savage. The moment you are kind to them they will think they can impose upon you and it is your business to make them understand that they can't. Now, as civilization grows, and those civilization, the side of civilization worth having, more and more people understand that strength can go and ought to go with decency, with honesty, with respect for the rights of others. I want to see you all here turn out to be able to hold your own. If you cannot hold your own in an important way, I despise you. I want to see you able to hold your own and I want, at the same time, to see you scorn to do wrong to anyone else. Pay heed to your rights. Do not allow people to impose upon you. Do not submit to wrong. But don't pay even great heed to your duties. Not only be as scrupulous of the rights of others as of your own, but a little more scrupulous of the rights of others than of your own, because you will find it necessary to be a little more scrupulous about others' rights than you are else you find that you do not pay any heed to them at all. It is a good deal easier to pay heed to your own rights than to the rights of others. Begin close at home. Begin by thinking of the rights of your mother, your sister, your wife. That is the most important place to begin, right in your own home. No man is a good citizen if, when he is away from home, there is a general breath of relief from the rest of the family. Handle yourselves so that when you come back to your home there will be joy and not anxiety. Then handle yourselves so that you do your full duty by your neighbor, the next man. Show yourselves the kind of men whom your neighbor likes to deal with, likes to work for, or to have work for him, or likes to work alongside of. Be that kind of man that the other man will not have to be forever wondering whether you are keeping up your end or not. Show yourselves good citizens in all those ways, and then, finally, my friends, show your good citizenship in other ways still. You here have exceptional advantages. It is your

duty when you go back to the communities in which you live, to set a standard for others. Take it in politics. You make it felt, by your example and by your precept, that the man who takes a bribe to cast his vote in any given way, and the man who gives a bribe, are creatures to be so intolerably scorned that they should be hunted out of American social and political life. We can afford to differ politically among ourselves, to have different convictions; we cannot afford to differ on the question of insisting upon honesty in public life and in private life alike.

"Honesty by itself does not make a good public servant any more than it makes a good man in private life, but without honesty the man who is a public man is a curse and a menace; no community can afford to tolerate him; and, without honesty, the man is as thoroughly a bad citizen in private life, no matter how able he may be or what other qualities he may possess.

"I believe in this school because it was initiated and is being carried on and extended in a spirit which combines to an extraordinary degree adherence to a very lofty ideal with the most practical common sense in realizing it. I believe in it, because it recognizes what are the prime essentials necessary to good citizenship in our people and takes the boy and the girl and trains them in practical efficiency so that when they go out they shall go back to the farm and to the shop able to do infinitely better work for themselves, able to lift the profession to which they belong and, at the same time, also resolute to do their duty by their neighbors and by the State. Those are the reasons why I believe in this school. Those are the reasons why I believe that Miss Berry and those associated with her have been doing one of the greatest practical works for American citizenship that has been done within this decade."

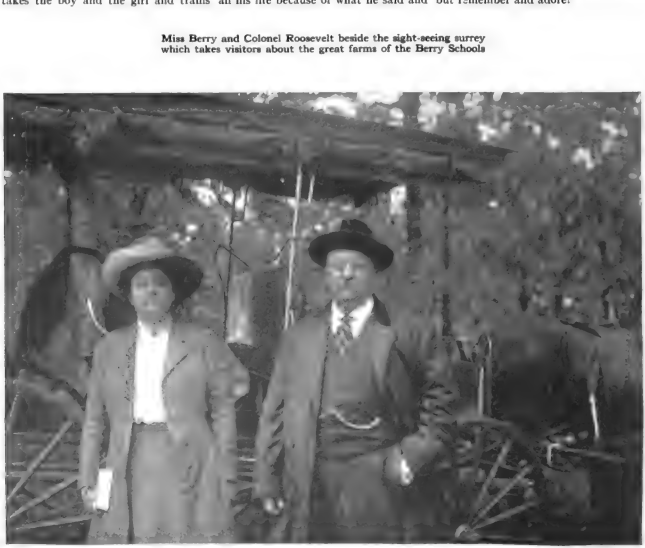
Taking it all in all, do you wonder that Miss Berry and her colleagues when once started on this tale, spend the evening telling a visitor of what happened "When Roosevelt was Here?"

He left behind him an appreciation so genuine that it has not died to this day. It was not that he had been President of the United States. It was not that he had been honored the world over. It was not that they agreed with him in politics, for I gathered that some of them did not. It was a consciousness of the faith and courage and sympathy of the man, the abounding belief in the thing in which they believed. Not a boy that saw him there that day but will have more courage all his life because of what he said and did when he came to the Berry School.

Some years ago, Theodore Roosevelt said to one of those whose social policies he had tried to aid: "I don't know much about the things for which you are working, but I believe in them. And what I have tried to be was a good sounding-board for them." And that was what he was for scores of progressive undertakings in his time. For child labor, for conservation, for more honest business practices, he was an admirable sounding-board; but for certain things which are back of those movements and without which, in the long run, any movement must die, for those qualities that we call human, he was more than a "sounding-board," he was the very apostle; and it was his natural expression of these qualities that endeared him to those with whom he was associated, and made even his critics, when they came in personal contact with him, forget everything in their pure joy in the man.

How after such a day as this at the Berry School, when rain-soaked and muddy he boarded his private car, calling back to the crowd of enthusiastic youngsters, "Well, boys, if you have enjoyed this day half as much as I have, you have had a bully time"—how could the boys and girls and everyone else at the Berry Schools do anything but remember and adore?

Miss Berry and Colonel Roosevelt beside the sight-seeing surrey which takes visitors about the great farms of the Berry Schools



WHEN THE WIND WAS RIGHT

By Stuart N. Lake

A MEMBER of the A. E. F., author of "Totally Disabled," "One Committee Reports," and "From a Hospital Window," in previous numbers and, at present, in the United States Public Service Hospital, Number 45, at Biltmore, North Carolina

To me, there was always the wonder that Averill was in the army at all. He was so young, so utterly boyish that it was hard for me to realize that he had seen a year of fighting in France and a year and a half of suffering in hospitals afterward. Averill was the sort at whose feet a mother would worship and of whom a father must always have spoken with a pride that was perfectly pardonable to everyone who knew the son.

It has been my lot to see many men of various ages die in many different ways. I have heard much and observed something of the beauty to be found in serene Old Age as it fades the end of a long and useful life. But never have I known of one thing so awe-inspiring as the supremely confident approach of untarnished Youth to the Death which it knows is inevitable and which it knows is to end long ages of pain.

AVERILL enlisted in the army just before his seventeenth birthday. He was born in the heart of New York City and all but two years of his life up to the time he enlisted were spent where his only playground was the crowded street and his only sports those artificial ones with which city bred boys must content themselves. About the time when Averill was twelve years old, his father's business took the family to a small town in Maine where they lived until the boy was fourteen and business brought them back to the life of the city.

The spring of 1917 found Averill preparing to graduate from high school and the country at war. As I learned to know Averill, I easily understood why it was that he ran away from school, lied to a recruiting officer, and was on his way to France before his mother and father could obtain trace of him. The boy realized that if his whereabouts was known to them, his parents would demand and obtain his discharge from the army and, with the country at war, the army was the only place where Averill could be.

The awful pity of it was that Averill had to come home to his mother and father the shattered wreck of boyhood that he was when I first knew him. And yet, I think that if his mother and his father could have known him as I knew him toward the last and if they could know the peace and the spirit that were their son's as he approached the Death he knew was near, their worship and their pride must so increase as to assuage the most poignant grief and, in its place, build up the sure and certain knowledge that their boy was a noble man.

Averill and I found a bond in our love for the small places. At least he seemed to find some pleasure in talking with me. For the most part, we talked of the New England town where he had spent the two happiest years of his short life or of the similar surroundings, a little farther West, in which I was born and raised.

I never will forget the joy that Averill took in finding out that I, too, had played "Run, Sheep, Run" and "Blacksmith," two games which I always had supposed to be peculiar to my own locality but which he informed me were two favorite twilight pastimes of the Maine boys he had known. Neither will I ever forget his pleased surprise upon learning that I, as well as he, had done much of my early swimming in a "Devil's Divin' Hole," or his laughing excitement when he found common ground for recollection in Saturday morning chases over field and fence with some irate neighbor's cat as the quarry and a typical collection of small boys' dogs as the pack.

Toward the end, as Averill grew weaker and our conversations came to consist more and more of fewer words and longer interludes, the boy's talk was mostly of remembrances of twilight times in the little town in Maine. He recalled the sounds and silences of the close of a country day and its merging into the night as though his whole life had been spent in that environment. He spoke of the frogs and imitated their pipings and their croakings, and of the katydids. and I remember that in almost all the last of our hours together he asked me if I recalled the way the robins used to sing just after a sunset shower.

IT was during this conversation that Averill voiced his pity for all children who must grow up in city streets and, in a burst of memory-inspired energy, told me of his hope that some day he could move back to the small town to live and work. Then he smiled rather wistfully and added. "I guess that'll have to wait for my next trip. Light me a cigarette, will you?"

It was the next day that the nurse brought word that Averill wanted me to come in and sit with him and, as I went down the corridor to his room, she asked me not to stay long as the boy was very weak.

"I just wanted to talk about the country," Averill explained as I entered his room. "You don't mind, do you?"

Averill was lying as he had for eighteen months, flat on his back, but he turned his head on the pillow away from me to where he could watch the sun setting over the dirty roofs of smoky, squalid Hell's Kitchen. From the street below, came the shrill shrieks of the city urchins and, from a little farther away, the roar of the elevated trains and the crash of heavy trucks.

After a long silence, Averill turned his head and asked, "Do you remember, when the wind was right, the wonderful smell of the pines?"

I could only nod as the boy smiled and again turned his face to the window.

PRESENTLY Averill's breathing became so measured and so easily regular that I knew he must be asleep. I leaned over to make sure, and, muffling the tap of my crutches as best I could, I left him with the smile of happy recollection still on his boyish face.

It could not have been more than fifteen minutes later when the nurse came to tell me that Averill had gone.

"He looks so young and so happy, even now," she said striving to be professional and hold back tears that would not be denied. "He thought so much of you," she added, "I thought you might like to see him before the—— the others came."

So, once more we went down the corridor and it was as she said. The boy was still lying with his eyes turned toward the setting sun and the smile that the fragrance of the pines had brought still caressed his face.

In the street the cries of the luckless urchins sounded and the elevated trains and trucks still roared and rattled but it almost seemed as I stood there that for a minute for me, too, *the wind was right and I could smell the perfume of the pines!*

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MANNERS *and* MORALS *of the* ROAD

PNEUMATIC FEVER

By Albert Payson Terhune

Author of "Lad: A Dog," "Bruce," Etc.

UP the anecite slope, our little car made its way—on high. Thus, as we reached the crest, we were traveling at a bare nine miles an hour, which was decidedly lucky for us.

Two cars passed us, one going each way. The occupants of both of them pointed excitedly towards the rear half of our machine. At the same instant, we were aware of a bump, a grating, a sharp series of jounces and an uptilting of the dash-board. Then, thanks to our slow speed, we came to a jarring halt—in mid-highway.

Our rear axle—housing and all—had snapped in two.

Midway between the Berkshire towns of Stockbridge and Lenox, we were stranded, in a crippled car. The nearest village was several miles off.

The time was early October—a season when the splendid highroad was dotted with pleasure cars as well as with lowlier machines. Everything, from the priceless imported automobile to the humblest delivery truck, traveled past us during the next half hour.

And I had numberless chances to study human nature, as applied to my fellow motorists. I am here to testify that that same human nature has undergone a change for the better, since the days when the sore-stricken victim of thieves lay on the Jericho road, while the Priest and the Levite passed by on the other side and left him to the chance mercies of a mere Samaritan.

(His case, by the way, was not wholly different from ours—except that the thieves dropped in on us, later on. They came from a garage and brought the bill for repairs. It was so large that it took two of them to bring it.)

WITHIN thirty seconds after our mishap—just as my wife and I were climbing out of the wrecked car to sum up the nature of the damage—a small delivery truck halted alongside. Its driver, a lank New Englander, asked with real interest, "Had an accident?"

"No," I made answer, in elephantine sarcasm. "It wasn't an accident. We did it on purpose! We're eccentric, that way."

Disregarding my flippancy, he glanced at my New Jersey license and said,

"You're pretty far from home. What hotel are you stopping at?"

I told him. For he seemed a man bent on gleaning facts of interest as he passed through life, and he was impervious to snubs.

"Wait here a minute," he adjured us (as if there were anything for us to do but to wait), "and I'll hustle over to the first house that has a phone, and call up a good garage I know about and tell them to send a wrecking crew, with a new axle and housing. Then I'll take the young lady back to the hotel, while you stay here to look after the car till the garage folks can get to it."

And off he chugged, leaving me ashamed of my own earlier crankiness toward him.

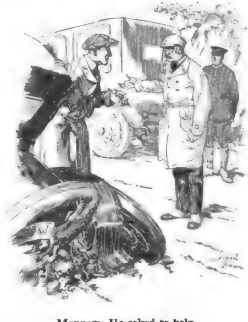
While he was away, telephoning, no less than eight other cars, of all degrees, passed us. Of these, four halted to survey the wreck. Three drivers volunteered to carry us to our hotel. And two of the three offered to telephone to some garage.

Back came our rescuer, with news that the garage people were short-handed that afternoon; but that the boss had promised, as a special favor to him, to send over the wrecking crew in a rush. Then he took my wife back to the four-mile distant hotel; refusing all pay for his troubles and time. I stayed on guard.

The wrecking crew came up, half an hour later. But, in the meantime, by actual count, fully twenty-four motorists had paused to ask if they could be of use or could give me a lift. They were folks of all sorts and conditions and in every variety of vehicle.

I cannot point a moral by saying that any special class predominated among the would-be Samaritans. The list included a tramp-like person in a torn shirt and a week's beard, who drove a rusty and patched ambulant junkheap. It included a stately old gentleman who descended from his enormous and

Manners: Some went by with an amused glance



Manners: He asked to help as one who begs a favor

Don't! All wild blossoms wilt quickly

gleaming limousine, and (waving back his eager chauffeur) came over to where I sat amid the ruins and inquired what he might do for me. He asked, as one who begs a favor; not as though conferring one.

Those two men were the extremes of the Samaritans. And there were representatives of every intervening grade.

That half hour of waiting, on the Stockbridge-Lenox road, taught me much.

Naturally, there were dozens of cars whose drivers or passengers went by with no more than an amusedly curious glance. But, also, there were the aforesaid twenty-four men and women who offered to help me.

On the other hand, the garage men, when at last they came up, made a bungling job of the repairing (first noting from my license plates that I came from far away and was evidently a mere transient from whom no future custom might be expected); and they overcharged me accordingly.

Perhaps I have dwelt overlong and windily on this trivial incident of disaster. But it seems to me to epitomize much of motorist-nature and to point an example that may be worth studying.

Motoring is still in its green and bumptious boyhood. For less than a score of years has it been in anything like common vogue. Wherefore—having no antiquity and no precedents—it has had to make up new rules as its game progressed.

When I say "new rules," I don't refer to "laws." Motor "*laws*" are very complete and, for the most part, very just. But they merely ordain what may or may not be done without incurring fines or imprisonment. They don't touch on the million phases of courtesy and fellowship and fair play and expedience which may make or mar the sport of automobiling.

One might imagine that the rules governing oldtime vehicular traffic would apply to motoring as well. They do, but not only do they fail to cover one tithe of the ground; but the average motorist is a person who never in the old times had the chance to drive a horse twenty miles in the course of a whole year. His driving days began with the purchase of his car. And, too often, he is prone to behave, on the road, as though his were the only car in existence. Someone, much wiser than I, once declared:

"*An automobile is an insult to everybody but its owner.*"

That is an epigram. And, unlike most epigrams, it comes strangely close to being true. For example:

Perhaps you are old enough to remember the sweet summer afternoons, in the country, before the Sabbath silences were rent by the screech of motor-horns, and before the whiz of fast-flying cars proved to pedestrians and horse vehicles the peril of venturing forth for an hour's exercise at such a time.

Noon dinner had been eaten and digested. And the afternoon driving began. Naturally, the predominant note in it was the painfully close-shaven youth in Sunday garb, seated in a shiningly clean buggy, with a proud and muslin-clad maiden at his side. The horse was groomed to the minute. Often there was a gay bow of ribbon on the whipstock.

Then there was the big and roomy old family carryall, drawn by a big and roomy old family horse; and with both seats chockfull of happy grown-ups and children out for the week's chief diversion. And, here and there, jogged the two-horse team, bearing sombrely clad but calmly pleased churchgoers home from afternoon services. An occasional horseback rider or a span of spanking trotters varied the scene. Along the warm and shady and softly dust-coated road, the cavalcade ambled.

The road itself was not so good (in one sense) as now. You could not roller-skate on it; nor make sixty miles an hour thereon with pneumatic tires. But neither did its flinty surface ruin horses' feet, as now. And its warm softness was grateful to tired human soles, too.

The worst danger lurking abroad, in those dreamy days, was the semi-demi-occasional runaway horse. But he was a rarity. The Sunday afternoon drive was a joy. A safe joy, at that. Not hysterically hilarious, perhaps; nor starred with such diverting spectacles as smashups and tire-repairing. But still a joy! So was the rambling Sunday afternoon walk, with the dogs.

What happened then?

Into this leafy and sunshiny summer world of Sabbath afternoon drives and walks, whirred and hooted a metal monster; raising avalanches of dust, choking and spattering less lucky passers-by; scaring (at first) a myriad horses into running away; making the quiet Sunday buggy-drives an hourly peril; waking sleepers and harrowing the nerves of sick people along the way; running over and killing such dogs and chickens as lounged in slumbrous fearlessness in the middle of the yellow road.

That is what happened. It happened in every nook and corner of these United States and the rest of the civilized earth. In time, of course, horses grew used to the rackety newcomer. Dogs—those that lived long enough to learn—forgot they had once been safe and slunk back from the road edge, in fright, at the sound of the rolling canicide's honk. Chickens, having no sense to speak of, continued to perish under the flying wheels.

Then, with smoother roads, came stringent motor laws to lessen the menace to life and limb. And some-

Do! Slow down in passing animals

times—those laws are obeyed. But who, recalling the old and safe and peaceful times, can argue against the grim dictum: "An automobile is an insult to everybody but its owner?"

Yet, the "insult" in most cases is due to mere thoughtlessness, not to intent. If motorists would stop to remember a few potent facts, the "insult" would surely abate its insolence and, in time, might even turn into something like a compliment.

Here—awkwardly expressed—is my idea:

On entering another man's house, you would not make the rooms resound with hideous and needless din. You would not bump into furniture, nor grind out the life of his pet dog under your heel, nor ruin his floors by digging your hobnailed boots into them. Apart from other considerations of decency, you would remember that he was your host.

Well, the farmers and suburbanites,

past whose homes you motor, are also your hosts. They are sometimes unwilling hosts, perhaps. But they are yet your hosts.

Their money bought the forests and meadows and hills and gardens and houses which go to make up the scenery you are enjoying. Their taxes laid out and still keep up the fine new roads you are spinning over. In brief, you are riding at these people's expense. It is they who have provided every detail of the region you are traversing. You supply the car. But their hard-scraped savings have supplied all the rest.

By way of reward, their roads are rutted and otherwise banged out of shape by your juggernaut tires and heedless driving. Their sweet roadside woods, in spring, are despoiled of the dogwood and wild azalea and every other flowering tree and shrub within reach. (Note the tonneaus piled high with wilting wildflowers and huge flowering branches, on the way back from a Sunday outing.)

Those same woods and their meadows and lanes are littered with the remnants of your picnic lunch and with town newspapers and every other form of débris. Their chickens are run over, as they stray heedlessly out from the dooryard. Their cats and their dogs are maimed or crushed by you. Their sylvan quiet is invaded by the machine-gun roar of the muffler cut-out, and of the siren. Their air is rendered dusty and malodorous by wheel and by gas. They are paying your bills. You are robbing their neighborhood of all its olden peace and charm.

Is it fair? Think it over.

There are so many, *many* ways of lessening the nuisance, now that the nuisance has become necessary and has grown to be a national institution!

In the first place, if you want to travel at break-neck speed, take passage in the Twentieth Century Express or some other railroad flyer. It will move at a faster pace and keeps up its speed for a much longer time than will the swiftest automobile. Also, it will do this with far less danger to everyone concerned and without disturbing quiet rural neighborhoods. Incidentally, in such a train you can get an infinitely better view of the surrounding country than when you are whirling through that country in a motor car.

If you yearn for the exultation of loud noise, get a pass to some gun-testing range and then refuse the plugs of cotton offered you for your ears. The effect will be far more sensational than any you can attain by using the cut-out of your car. And nobody but yourself will be deafened or scared thereby; or jarred out of a sick-room sleep.

Why not keep your car's speed down to twenty miles an hour? Your grandfather would have thought he was flying, if he had moved at an hourly rate of twenty miles, in any road vehicle.

That pace is twice as fast—for any length of time—as the best horse could draw you. It will suffice to gratify any reasonable yearning for speed. At the same time, it will not only give you an ample view of the landscape, but will enable you to slow down or to swerve, in case you round a turn and find in front of you a dog, or a flock of hens, or a drove of cows, or an absent-minded pedestrian, or a baby who has toddled out into the highway.

Nor will you need to raise one half so much dust or make half so much racket as when "letting her out."

If a straight and smooth stretch of road tempts you to test your car's speed, why not regard the temptation as on a par with that of carving your initials on your host's dinner table? In other words, as something possibly desirable, but assuredly out of the question?

To slow down for passing live stock; to have a wary eye and a restraining hand when rounding corners; to avoid all needless noise and dust; these are things which need not detract from your own legitimate pleasure in the drive and which will add to the joy of life for those whose neighborhood you chance to be visiting.

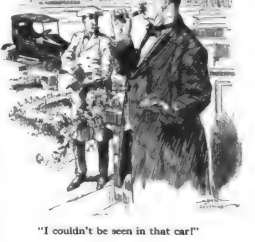
The wild flowers are pretty. Perhaps they would look nice in your home. But they will no longer beautify the fields and the roadside for the denizens of the region or for future motorists, if you tear them up by the roots and carry them away. Even now, the woods in many parts of the country are denuded of such flowers; as well as of dogwood and laurel. And motorists denuded them.

Taken all in all, can you wonder that broken glass and tacks strew so many roads? Pedestrians are only human.

When I speak of avoiding needless noise, I do not refer to the sounding of the horn at the proper times. That is a highly necessary precaution and one that motorists seem to be neglecting more and more. A single blast will warn people on the other side of a road-bend that a car is coming, and will let them get out of the way. Also, the warning honk has often saved the car in front from halting too suddenly; and has permitted it to draw aside for the oncomer.

Less and less often, of late years, is the horn sounded at these needful times. And oftener and oftener it is blared, by way of a joke, when speeding past a church, during service; or when passing through some sleeping village, late at night.

The "gasless Sundays," of 1918, gave a too-short respite from racket and from menace; and brough: back, for a pitifully brief space, the smiling ghost of the dear old country Sabbath. But it was only a ghost. And, all too soon, it was forever laid.



"I couldn't be seen in that car!"

Yes, I realize there are at least ninety "bright answers" to these pleas for consideration that I have just voiced. The foremost of them is:

"There aren't any innocent outsiders to be annoyed by motorists, any more. Everyone owns a car."

If I have heard that glib lie once, I have heard it a hundred times. To say, "Everyone owns a car!" is like uttering the time-honored midsummer phrase, "Everyone's out of town at this season!"

In all seasons of the year, full ninety per cent of a city's population is still "in town." And, as for saying, "Everyone owns a car!"—well, here are some figures:

The total number of car-owners in our entire nation is approximately the same as is the total population of New York City.

In New York State, in 1919, one person in twenty-three owned an automobile of some sort. In other words, less than five per cent of the

"I'm lonely; come along!"

State's population were motorists. In the United States, at large, in 1919, one person in eighteen was an automobile owner. Thus, there were seventeen people to be annoyed by the eighteenth person's car. Seventeen people who owned no car, who got no benefits from a car and yet had to pay taxes for motor roads and to risk life and limb from the speed or carelessness of drivers. In short, to seventeen people out of eighteen, an automobile was an "insult" and incidentally a peril and a nuisance.

By the way, you eighteenth man or woman—after you have made your car as little of a pest as you can to the other seventeen men and women—here is something else you can do; something to turn your car to real humanitarian account and at no extra expense to yourself: When you are going for a drive, whether for business or for pleasure, why not remember that there are seventeen people, to any one of whom a seat in your machine would be a real treat? These people get few drives, if any. They would not insist on being taken through the most beautiful roads, or on stopping at expensive road-houses.

Just to sit back in a comfortable car seat and to feel the cool air on their faces and to draw in deep breaths of it and to rejoice in the motion and in the change of scene, would be a godsend to them.

It would be so little trouble to you to go a block out of your way and to stop at the home of some car-less acquaintance with the hail of:

"I'm lonely; and I have to drive to such-and-such a place. Won't you please come along?"

So much for the attitude of motorists toward non-motorists. And now for the equally big theme of the attitude of motorists toward each other; a theme which I realize, quite as well as do you, I am not at all competent to cope with.

Perhaps the worst sin of all, under this head, is what is vulgarly called "motor boyishness." Why a moderately well mannered and considerate man should suffer from an acute attack of super-selfishness as soon as he starts to drive a car, is a mystery beyond my poor powers to solve. Unless, perhaps, the very newness of the sport has left it lacking in ethics. In the days of exclusive horse vehicles, one saw practically none of this spirit. It is an offspring of the motor craze.

Take an eight-hour Sunday drive, anywhere along a well-traveled road. Note, then, the people who will risk your safety and their own and deluge you with dust, for the mere sake of passing you; or of plunging through traffic gaps, where a six inch misjudging of distance must cause accident. I do not refer to doctors or to other motorists with legitimate reasons for haste; but to the driver whose sole excuse for whizzing past you is the peculiar itching demon of precedence which possesses him. Once ahead of you, he will often loaf along at a speed no greater than your own, until he spies, in front, another car which lures him into the craving to pass it.

THIS zest for needless haste—and too often for criminally dangerous haste—is perhaps twin brother to the impulse which leads dozens of ferry passengers to crowd to the front rail of a boat and to fling themselves forward in a mad stampede for the runway, the instant the gates are opened—and then to waste five minutes in staring at something of interest in the street beyond.

The porcine tendency of motorists is strong in the matter of parking; heedless whether or not the car ahead shall have room to manoeuvre its way out of the spot it has halted in. The tendency is still stronger, in the case of two acquaintances whose cars meet in a road and who come to a dead stop, the cars blocking the whole highway while the owners converse.

Carelessness, rather than anything worse, is usually to blame for the failure to put out a warning hand to one side, when one is about to stop or to turn. The same heedlessness makes the required use of the horn an all but dead letter. deftly as to avoid denting the mud-guard of the rear car and smashing the tail-light of the car ahead. Deaf to fellow motorists' protests, the interloping driver kept his stolen place.

When the boat had started, he left his seat and went forward for a smoke. His departure was the signal for three other motorists to descend from their perches and walk up for his car. With no preconcerted arrangement among them, they proceeded to do horrible things to that absentee hog's deserted machine. They cut every tire, including the "spare;" they took off the carburetor and tossed it into the river. They crippled the running gear and disconnected the steering wheel.

The outraged owner came back while they were at work. Without heeding his howled plaints, they went on quietly with their task of demolition. Two other motorists buttonholed the man and told him in terse words just what they thought of him. Then, when the boat reached its dock, the quintette pushed his useless car ashore for him, handed him their cards and drove off. It was my first experience in seeing a motorhog adequately punished by fellow motorists.

MOTOR snobbery calls for a high place in the roster of automobile sins. Of old, the man with a hundred-dollar buggy was practically never made to feel uncomfortable in the presence of the owner of a three-hundred-dollar rig. Yet, the driver of every moderate priced car can tell some such story.

"By their cost ye shall know them." Not by their service and economy and general usefulness.

A man, whom I remembered as a section hand and who had rolled up a few thousand dollars on a sub-contract, met us one day as we were driving our well-beloved little car.

"Nice handy boat you've got there!" he commented pleasantly. "I'd like to have one of those. But," with a sigh of renunciation, "of course a man of my standing

On a Hudson River ferryboat, at one of the crossings some distance above the city, two years ago, a line of cars were filing slowly aboard a boat. Into the line dashed a fast-rushing late arrival. Deftly the newcomer cut into the narrow gap between two other cars; yet not so

(*Left*) *Don't!* (Note people who risk their safety and yours)

(*Right*) *Do!* (Signal when slowing down or changing course)

couldn't afford to be seen in such a cheap machine."

Yet one of the few men I know, who is indecently rich and is at the same time great, drives invariably in the cheapest standard make of car. Apparently a man of *his* "standing" could afford to be seen in a wheelbarrow. It is a nasty commentary on our national taste that noses should be turned up at mention of pretty and serviceable cars which are within the buyers' means; and that admiring respect should be shown a car whose purchase often entails the mortgaging of one's house.

Did you ever notice that the average woman drives an automobile better and more cleverly and with more wise caution than does the average man? Well, it is true; and I have proved it by years of somewhat close observation. There are exceptions, of course, but the rule holds. And this is odd; for the average man used to drive a horse better than the average woman. Nor is woman a road hog or otherwise a pest to her fellow motorists.

I am not saying all this with any intent of throwing bouquets but because I have found it almost invariably true. And so will you, if you make a study of it.

In Southern California, recently, a crusade was started against reckless and hoggish driving. In Los Angeles, for instance, record was kept of all accidents and of their causes and of the precise localities where they occurred. Hence, the crusade began by placarding certain corners and other places with signs which read somewhat like this:

"ON THIS SPOT, LAST YEAR, A CRIPPLE WAS RUN OVER"

"ON THIS SPOT, LAST YEAR, A CHILD WAS KILLED"

"ON THIS SPOT THREE FATAL ACCIDENTS HAVE HAPPENED"

The placards went on to warn autoists to use greater care and consideration. The request was enforced by no less than one-hundred-and-one motor arrests in a single day—to inaugurate the crusade.

Out there, too, they have an excellent automobile law which might be copied with much profit elsewhere in the country. It deals with the hand-signalling when slowing down or when changing one's course. It runs: "Hand up when turning to the right. Hand out straight when turning to the left. Hand down when about to stop."

In spite of this good law and of other laws as wise, I heard fewer motor horns sounded in California than anywhere else in my travels. To blow a warning blast, when rounding a corner or a curve, was an exception rather than a rule.

The garage man is the legitimate successor to the Village Blacksmith. But the blacksmith, nearly always, was an efficient and conscientious craftsman; civil in his own way and ninety-five per cent dependable. He had generations of precedent and of self-respect to fall back on.

The garage man is sometimes a treasure. Oftener he is not. Too often, he either is lacking in full knowledge of his trade; or turns the job over to a bungling "learner;" or is content to patch up a strangers' car well enough to enable it to travel a few miles further, without bothering to do a careful and workmanlike job on it.

His is a new occupation. His ancestors were never in it. He has no precedent to go by. Frequently, he has gone into the garage business for the catch-penny living it offers; rather than from any true love or calling for the work. He can make or mar your trip. And, thus far, no enforceable law has been framed to hold him to account.

In spite of this, you will find innumerable first class garage men—efficient, courteous and quick. If only such men would form a guild or brotherhood or league for the protection of motorists from less competent or less honest mechanics, they would (indirectly) swell their own profits.

I find I have painted the vicissitudes of the road at such length that there is scant space left to touch on the better side of the subject. Nor am I wholly sorry for this. It is needed. And I have a scriptural antecedent for it. Look at the Ten Commandments, for instance. No less than seven of them begin with "Thou shalt *NOT!*"

Yet the other and brighter side is very bright indeed. Witness the incident of our breakdown in the Berkshires.

My experience on the Stockbridge-Lenox highway was not at all exceptional. And it speaks a loud word for the innate kindliness and the urge toward helpfulness that lies hidden but alert, in the heart of nearly every motoring pleasure seeker.

It is on the strength of this magnificent trait that I have here ventured to point out to him (to "him" not to "her" because she seldom needs such censure!) the annoying faults into which his careless holiday spirit has lured him; and the means whereby he may easily correct them.

We're such good fellows, we motorists—such generous, kind, friendly chaps! Sha'n't we get together and smooth out our irritating little foibles that spoil other people's fun and which make some of them retort with broken glass and tacks on the road. and sha'n't we try to make them like us better?

Sha'n't we? It's so simple and so very much worth while.

We're youngsters yet, we motorists. We weren't born until 1898. That was the year the automobile was turned out as a so-called "practicable commercial machine." At best, we're only twenty-two. Most of us are years younger. One can't expect old heads on young shoulders like ours.

But already we are doing a lot better than we did, a decade ago. Suppose we speed up our improvement a notch or two? That is one form of speed mania which will make a universal hit with the seventeen-eighteenths of Americans who are still car-less.

It's up to us!

GET THE NONSENSE HABIT

NONSENSE is a fine art.

It is a great antidote to the Tower of Babel, which is the great symbol of man's devitalizing seriousness.

The secret of the tremendous hold of the "movies" on people is rooted in their sheer nonsense. They are the necessary antidote to the hours piled on hours of common sense that we must hold like a loaded pistol pointed at the world in our struggle for existence.

Open the valves of nonsense. It is the topsy-turvy Castle in the Air. It is a fairy land that the most hopelessly grown-up among us can enter.

Nonsense is a break in order, a sudden break in the chain of cause and effect, that old leaden chain that wears us down with the eternal inevitability.

A nonsensical word, a nonsensical idea, a nonsensical situation causes a sudden explosion in us like the dropping of a bomb filled with the laughter of the fairies in the tired trenches of the brain.

Nonsensical literature is a storehouse of wisdom. It is of the wisdom that isn't wise. There is more wisdom in the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland" than in all the lamentations of old grouch Solomon. Reason sees her wrinkles turn to creased and illuminating laughter.

In our strenuous American life to-day there isn't enough of the spirit of waggery and tomfoolery. Horse-play is not necessarily nonsense. It is generally vulgar, and the true God of Nonsense is not vulgar. He is even intellectual. Many believe "Don Quixote" to be the greatest book ever written. Well, it is the finest bit of intellectual nonsense ever penned.

Be Don Quixote one hour each day. Charge windmills, wear your mantle of humbug unashamedly.

On the higher levels, Chesterton and Shaw have opened the sparkling Burgundy of Nonsense. On the popular level, we have Charlie Chaplin—a very genius of clownish nonsense!

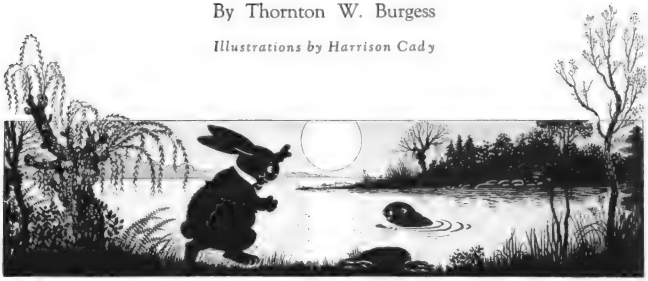
Salute the great god, Bunk.

Get the nonsense habit! Let the keen air of a little humbug in on your steam-heated grouch!

PETER RABBIT GETS A NEW IDEA

By Thornton W. Burgess

Illustrations by Harrison Cady



"What's funny?" demanded a voice which came right out of the water

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY was Peter Rabbit as he hopped over a Black Shadow that lay across the Lone Little Path and then scampered on through the moonlight. It is Peter's nature to be happy-go-lucky. He takes things as they come and seldom gives a thought to anything beyond the present moment.

This was just such a night as Peter loves. It was Fall and the air was just cool enough to make running and jumping a joy. The silvery light of Mistress Moon sifted down through the trees and made strange shadows. Brown leaves rustled under his feet. Now and then a nut, shaken loose by a wandering Little Night Breeze, caused Peter to give an extra little hop as it struck the ground on one side or the other of the Lone Little Path.

Peter was bound nowhere in particular, which usually is just where Peter is bound. Suddenly he cut a hop short and sat up, his head cocked a bit to one side and his long ears standing straight up. The sound of a distant crash had startled him, the crash of a falling tree. For a few minutes he sat there listening, but no other sound reached him save the distant hunting call of Hooty the Owl, and the faint baying of Bowser the Hound as he chased Reddy Fox far over in the Old Pasture. Peter smiled when he heard these sounds for they told him that he had nothing to fear from either Hooty or Reddy for a while anyway.

But what had made that crash? Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot. After that he scratched his nose. All of this scratching meant that Peter was thinking. Somehow he always thinks better when he scratches. At least he appears to.

"That was queer," muttered Peter. "That crash was made by a falling tree. Nothing else could make such a noise as that. But there isn't wind enough moving to-night to even rustle the leaves, and so it couldn't have been blown over. If Farmer Brown's boy had chopped it down, I would have heard the chopping. They wouldn't be chopping down a tree in the night anyway. I wonder!"

"You mean where does it go to?" replied Paddy, with a twinkle in his eye

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Peter held his breath, for this was Buster Bear

Peter didn't finish. He suddenly jumped straight up in the air and then started off, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go in the direction from which that crash had come. "It was Paddy the Beaver!" said Peter to himself. "As sure as big jumps take a fellow over the ground faster than little hops, it was Paddy the Beaver who cut that tree. I hope he'll cut another so I can see him do it."

Peter scampered along deeper and deeper into the Green Forest. At length, he saw an opening among the trees ahead of him. When he reached the edge of it he was also on the edge of a beautiful little pond. It was the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Peter could remember when there had been no pond at all there, nothing but the Laughing Brook.

He gave no thought to this, however, but hurried around one side of the pond towards the upper end where grew some poplar trees a little back from the water. Peter knew Paddy well enough to be sure that he would waste no time cutting other trees when he could get poplar. So Peter scampered along in his usual heedless fashion and all but tumbled head first into a ditch full of water. He managed to just save himself on the very edge.

"That's funny!" he exclaimed aloud.

"What's funny?" demanded a voice which came from right out of the water in front of him, and a brown head appeared from the Black Shadows that lay across the canal.

"Hello, Paddy!" cried Peter. "It's funny I don't remember this ditch. It is a wonder I didn't tumble into it and get soaking wet."

"There's nothing funny about it," retorted Paddy the Beaver. "You don't remember seeing it because you never have seen it until now. It wasn't here the last time you paid me a visit. And Peter, I'll thank you not to call it a ditch. It's a canal. That's what it is—a canal."

"But if this ditch, I mean canal, wasn't here the last time I visited you, how does it happen to be here now? Where did it come from?" persisted Peter, looking more puzzled than ever.

"You mean where does it go to," replied Paddy with a twinkle in his eyes. "It comes from my pond and it goes over near those poplar trees, and it didn't happen at all. Mrs. Paddy and I dug it! Things worth while seldom happen, Peter Rabbit. They are the result of good planning and hard work."

Peter followed with his eyes the silver line of the canal for many feet towards the poplar trees. He saw how neatly the earth had been piled along one bank. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "What an awful amount of work! Just thinking of it makes me tired. What good does it do? I believe in getting all the pleasure possible out of life. There isn't any sense in working all the time. What is this canal for anyway?"

"To save work," replied Paddy, his eyes still twinkling.

Peter looked very hard at Paddy to see if he were joking, but Paddy's face was now too sober to even hint at such a thing. "Hump!" said Peter, "Why don't you talk sense? The idea of working to save work! Ha, ha, that's a good one! Ha, ha! I

Lightfoot the deer came down on the far side of the pond

always thought you had a lot of common sense, Paddy, but you must have lost all of it since I was over here last. The idea of doing a lot of hard work like this and then saying you did it to save work! That's the most foolish talk I ever have heard."

Just then there was a splash somewhere up the canal near the poplar trees and Peter saw something moving towards them in the water. A minute or two later Mrs. Paddy passed them, towing a log. She nodded to Peter as she passed and kept on down the canal and out into the pond with that log. She had moved along quite rapidly and smoothly. "How long do you suppose it would have taken her to drag that log over land to the pond?" asked Paddy quietly. Then he answered his own question. "It would have taken her several times as long and every inch of the way she would have had to do the hardest kind of work, tugging and pushing it over the uneven ground, and all the time having to keep a watchful eye out for Buster Bear or Old Man Coyote. Perhaps you noticed that as it was, she made no work at all of swimming with that log, and being in the water she had nothing to fear.

"But I can't stay here gossiping; I've got to much to do." With this Paddy started up the canal. Peter followed along the bank.

When Paddy reached the end of the canal, he first made sure that no enemy was about. Then he climbed out and waddled over to a freshly cut poplar tree from which all the branches had been trimmed. This he began to cut into short logs. Soon Mrs. Paddy joined him and they worked steadily. They wasted no time. When a log had been cut they hauled it to the canal and rolled it in. Then one of them towed it down the canal and out into the pond and sank it in the food-pile they were making near their house, for the bark of those logs was to furnish them food in the winter. Meanwhile, the other kept right on cutting another log.

Peter sat about and watched. He tried to get Paddy to talk, but Paddy informed him that he had no time for idle gossip and went right on working. Just watching them made Peter tired. Yes, sir, it made Peter actually tired, for Peter never works. He saw Paddy cut another tree by biting out chips all the way around it with his great teeth. Just as it was ready to fall, he slapped the ground hard with his great flat tail as a warning to get out of the way; then he and Mrs. Paddy dived into the canal and there they remained for some time after the tree had fallen with a crash.,

"Mr. and Mrs. Quack, the Mallard ducks raised a big family here in the summer

You see they knew that there were keen ears in the Green Forest whose owners would know just what that crash meant. Sure enough, a few minutes later, a big black form suddenly appeared in the moonlight almost in front of where Peter was squatting under a little hemlock tree. Peter held his breath, for this was Buster Bear. Buster sat up and looked over the ground where Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had been at work. He grinned good-naturedly and after a few minutes shuffled off. He hadn't really expected to surprise them at work. He had merely wanted to satisfy himself that that crash had been made by them. There were plenty of sweet beechnuts on which to dine and it would be time enough to think of a Beaver dinner when these were gone.

As soon as the sound of Buster's shuffling footsteps had died away, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy hurried back to work to make up for lost time: Peter watched a while longer, then stole away over to Paddy's pond and around to the dam at the lower end. There he squatted under a little pile of brush where he could look out over that little pond.

Just as the first Jolly Little Sunbeams began chasing away the Black Shadows, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy came swimming down the pond. They climbed out on the end of the dam close to where Peter was squatting. Their night's work was done and they had come over there to rest a while before going to their house for a well-earned sleep. Presently Lightfoot the Deer came down on the far side of the pond and with his fore feet in the water drank his fill. Then, with his beautiful head held high, he stood for a few minutes enjoying the beauty of that quiet place.

Hardly had Lightfoot vanished, when Buster Bear appeared for his morning drink. He splashed about in the shallow water for a while and then with a satisfied grunt shuffled off. Billy Mink swam out from

Billy Mink—holding between his paws the trout which he took ashore and ate

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behind Paddy's house, dived and a moment later popped up with a trout in his mouth which he took ashore and ate.

PADDY THE BEAVER gave a little sigh of satisfaction. "They all enjoy our pond," said he. "Mr. and Mrs. Quack, the Mallard Ducks, raised a big family here in the summer and said it was the best nesting place they had ever known. Honker the Goose will spend a day or two here to rest on his way to the Sunny South. He ought to be along in a few days. And all of them have us to thank. We built this dam that makes this pond. It took a lot of hard work and there is a lot of work keeping it up, but it has been, and is, work worth while.

"We built this dam and made this pond for ourselves that we might build our house out there in deep water and live in comfort and safety. But no one can do honest, constructive work for himself without benefiting all his neighbors. It is funny that long-legged bunch of laziness can't get that into his funny little head."

Peter sat up abruptly. "He—he must mean me!" he exclaimed under his breath, and indignantly prepared to hop out and tell Paddy just what he thought of him. But just then Paddy began to talk again and Peter squatted down, for he wanted to hear what more Paddy might say.

"I'm sorry for him. I'm truly sorry for him," continued Paddy. "He hasn't found out that there is more pleasure in a thing you have worked for than in anything else. We've got to work hard to get that food-pile big enough to last all winter, but when the job is finished we won't have a thing to worry about. We'll have all winter to rest in, a comfortable home where no harm can come to us, and plenty to eat. Poor Peter will have to hustle to keep from starving from day to day when snow and ice come. That's the way with happy-go-lucky people who never look ahead and are too lazy to work. Why, work is *fun* if you only make it so. And nobody can do honest work without making the Great World a better place to live in, better for everybody. Well, let's go over to the house and go to bed. I'm tired enough to really enjoy sleep."

Paddy and Mrs. Paddy slipped into the water and Peter saw them no more. For a long time, he sat there thinking. There was a new idea in that queer little head of his. "I believe," said he slowly, "that Paddy really does enjoy working, though I can't understand how he can. It is true that his work has added a lot to the Green Forest. It has done a lot for other people. They are glad that he and Mrs. Paddy are here. I wonder if anybody is glad I am here."

PETER sighed wistfully. Then he thought of little Mrs. Peter waiting for him in the dear Old Briar-patch and his face brightened. "There is one, anyway, who is glad I am alive, but if I don't get home pretty soon she'll think I'm not," said he, and started for the dear Old Briar-patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go.

THE BUILDER

By Gerrit A. Beneker

I am the Builder; on my throne
Of iron and wood and steel and stone,
I stand the Builder, but not alone:—
In God's own image, from God's own plan
From common clay, He built Me, Man.
From common clay, He raised the ban
That I might live—but not alone.

From God's own earth I scoop the ore,
The coal I mine, the rock I bore,
The lightning's flash from the air I store:—
This clay fuse I—with fire to mock
The Ancient Gods; their temples rock,
Crash back to earth; tongues interlock
To build no Babel as of yore.

Where once a hillock was but small,
I build the city towering tall.
The peasant's hut, the marble hall:—
With men from many a foreign strand,
I build with heart and soul and hand
America—the Promised Land!

Original from

THE SUITABLE PARENT

By Elizabeth J. Woodward

PARENTHOOD is the best paying profession, and likewise the most democratic, being of the people; confined by no class lines; limited by no discrimination in regard to race and by no educational qualifications. It is the best paid and the most honorable of professions and yet it is the only one which requires of its members less preparation than is demanded for any trade, business, or gainful work. Small wonder that The Suitable Parent is not met on the threshold of every home.

One grows in his profession. The Suitable Parent does not arise Sir Knight from the first touch of his baby's hand. He has certain basic virtues already established; he is a good citizen; he is a loyal spouse, reverencing the sharer of his great hope and the home to which they have invited their blessing; he has a fairly clear idea of the direction in which he is moving, and a wholesome belief that this is a worthwhile world into which to bid an unknown young person enter. Though he has thought of parenthood as a state to be entered into soberly and advisedly, parenthood being conferred, he finds that he needs must work to merit the Ph.D. of Suitability. Willy-nilly he must study his own child.

WITH parenthood comes new and legitimate self-importance, for the parent is more than an individual, more than a pendant, however jeweled, at the end of a chain of ancestors. He is a link in the chain of progress. The birth of the child is not only an incident in the family history; it may be, for generations to come, an advent of world importance, for the child is not his exclusive own, he is a cosmic influence and belongs to the society which he will help to create. The Suitable Parent respects the individuality of the members of the next generation, especially after several children honor his home, each with such a marked and varied personality that the miracle is that all of them should call him Father. He recognizes each child as unique, like no other soul that has ever lived on Earth, but his sense of humor reminds him that the same is true of his neighbor's tiresome children!

Two individuals look out through the solemn, searching, baby eyes, and the Suitable Parent never forgets it. Seeing the dependent child who claims his birthright of joy and love and cherishing from the two who have promised it to him, and seeing also the potential man who must "carry the dark world nearer to the sun," he knows that the thistledown child with confiding hand in Father's, merits all the joy the hour can hold; yet he is keen with feeling that the hour is the seed of the years to come when the firm handclasp will be only a memory to the son who walks alone. He is glad when the pattering footsteps lengthen to keep pace with his own. He is gladder still—it is heroic to be glad—when his son strides on ahead to make a world for his father to live in. Father and Mother look always forward, not with temperamental vision, but "Put yourself in his place" is a good work-a-day maxim when "Do unto others" seems a bit too large for the occasion. Looking forward they gain courage to demand responsibility; courage to turn the child face out to the world while he has home behind him. Home is the golden milestone but no one who lingers at the doorstep has ever touched the horizon that may be seen from it nor brought back the gold that lies at the end of the rainbow. The Suitable Parent puts the duty of growth above the longing to keep the child close to him. He puts his child's ultimate good first, but keeps it so far ahead that the foreground is clear for every-day action. At times, his most conspicuous duty seems to be to sit on the lid of Original Sin—hard enough to keep the steam from escaping—meantime gathering to himself faith, sanity, or a sense of humor to prevent him from seeing each passing fancy as an ineradicable tendency and to save him from despair as one bad trait after another appears in his child with the second teeth; with that awkward age when girl and boy can best be spared from general society; or with all-wise and all-important one-and-twenty. The long look into the future gives him courage to deny, to prune, to check, in the little present, the old Adam that the child's ancestors—on the other side of the family!—have carefully nurtured. He has courage to see the child through a siege of dentistry in order that his manly smile may disclose the perfect result; courage for adenoids, for appendicitis, even for dancing school. But it takes still more fortitude to make the child suffer in some sacrifice that he cannot understand; to curb and guide and give him pain in the struggle to win a moral beauty. The Suitable Parent teaches, and shows, the joy of endeavor.

THE Suitable Parent cultivates intimacy with his children. The time comes when son and daughter love mother and father as individuals, for their lovable traits; their sympathetic understanding; for the ideals they hold in common; but this greater love is never the reward of the man who disregards the first steps his child takes towards him, the first treading of the precious path that must never be neglected between them. If he can meet with respectful seriousness, the young discoverer's dead-in-earnest announcement that the soapy water, in which he is, theoretically, washing his hands, can be made into "wonderful curly waves," his responsive interest will lead straight to the day when the boy will offer, with equal confidence, the new words that Johnny Smith taught him and that got him into disgrace when he repeated them. "Why did they, Father?" he will ask—and Father will know then that he can give his son such knowledge of good and evil as shall be as the shield and armor of Galahad.

THE Suitable Parent keeps his enthusiasms, uses all the tact the Lord gave him, and supplements it with all the psychology he can learn. His mind is open, but he can close its doors and study the problems that have entered it. He has a sense of values. He is consistent in principle and flexible in practise. If he ever has leisure to read the Proverbs of Solomon, he doubtless chuckles to himself over the similarity of his experiences and those which the old King crystallized in the saying, *"Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul,"* and the outcome of a tenser mood—*"Spare the rod and spoil the child!"*

The Suitable Parent is an epic enriched by repetition from age to age. His attributes are universal. Each new generation calls to him to declare its virtues, its ideals, its religion; each brings its store of knowledge and of need to be fused into finer wisdom and more generous service. Each age brings new opportunities and new duties, and bids him build with them a yet higher temple that he may have a wider vision. The call to him has never been so piercing as now; his task was never so hard but his vision never beheld promises and possibilities so great.

The Suitable Parent is rarely aware of his place among the elect. Other men's halos of suitability he may see, but not his own. Every man is eligible for the degree, with just one exception—no pessimist can qualify, for the whole duty of man, as written for the Suitable Parent, is an intelligent and active belief in the progress of mankind onward and upward forever.

Original from

The next morning after breakfast I tackled the family. Helen and Kate were washing the dishes. "What we must do," I said, "is to let Aileen do as she pleases for one week"

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

IT was just such a morning of early June as makes one long to break the code of conventionality and do pretty much what one pleases, without considering "What will my next door neighbor say?"

I was trying mighty hard to dare myself to go on a picnic with Sibyl Allen, she being none other than myself, as I made a fresh apple pie, in my lean-to kitchen when, looking up from a mixing of flour, I saw the postman coming up the street. Usually the postman passed my front yard, as though my front yard never existed. But this morning I had a tingling sensation that he was going to push against my gate and come right up to my front door. I was so sure of this that I went to my kitchen window, leaned far out over the sill, almost breaking a crimson bloom from my geranium plant, and watched him approach. He saw me as he drew nearer and called out,

"Expectin' somethin,' Miss Allen?"

"I'm always expecting something!" I called back. "Seems to me the only way to get a thing is to expect it."

Then much to my surprise, though I am too much of a woman to show it, he turned in at my gate. I beat a hasty retreat from my kitchen window and met him at the front door.

THERE was a letter and the straight up and down heavy handwriting told me it was from my niece Kate. I suppose I'll have to explain Kate.

When my brother, who later became the Reverend Herbert Allen, was fifteen, I was born. And when I became fifteen, my brother was married to Helen Hunt, a prim young thing who annoyed me terribly at the time, because she was so precise and practical and "never out of place," which means she always looked the same no matter where you saw her or what she chanced to wear. I could never make out, at fifteen, just what my brother saw in Helen Hunt, though I must confess she had plenty of common sense and plenty of copper cents besides. But I never held it that my brother married her for her money. Even as I became older and more mature, though I won't agree with anyone that I am actually old yet, I could not solve that problem of why my brother married Helen Hunt. It satisfied me to know that they were happy. Three years ago, my brother died, "leaving to mourn his

loss," which is to quote the newspapers, "a sorrowing widow and three daughters, Kate, Hattie and Aileen, all at home, and one unmarried sister, Miss Sibyl Allen of Freeport, New Jersey."

I am very fond of my three nieces but we are all wretched correspondents, and letters rarely pass between us. When we do write, there is always something to write about. So, this June morn, I took Kate's letter into my sitting room, expecting something and I got it. This is what she wrote:

110 Evans Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Sibyl

Mother has asked me to write to you stating the case plainly. We are all so worried and annoyed at the course of events which confronts us.

The great difficulty is Aileen. Her conduct is indeed outrageous and a source of pain to dear Mother, Hattie and myself. She has become so frivolous and flippant. We have reasoned with her to the best of our ability but to no avail. She still insists on keeping obnoxious company and frightful hours for a minister's daughter. Also, she is given to slang which is really terrible. We cannot understand this change in her. To be sure, she was always very merry, but why she has come to exceed the bounds of convention is a problem indeed.

Now, we thought if you would write Aileen, without making any reference to this letter of mine, and ask her to visit you for a month, the quiet peace of your old-fashioned town might subdue her very inconsistent spirit. Away from the evils of the city for a time, she may resort to an introspection which would cause her to change the course of her actions.

This has been Hattie's suggestion and both mother and myself think it is an excellent one. We feel that you will see the logic of it. We know no other way out of this difficulty.

Hoping you may be in a position to write Aileen soon, we all send you our love,

Faithfully yours,
Kate.

"Well," I reflected folding the letter with a nicety, "if that isn't just like Kate and just like Hattie and just like Helen!" Then I added with an amused smile, "And just like Aileen!"

Kate is the eldest. She must be about twenty-eight by now. Twenty-eight should be youth at its prime. But not so with Kate. She might be forty for all anyone could tell, judging by her manner. She has a way of folding her hands in her lap with a resigned expression on her face, that really gets on my nerves. She performs the household duties with a fervor that is little short of religious. I don't believe I ever saw a tidy out of place in that house, nor a speck of dust anywhere. I like Kate—I admire her practicality. She is an exact replica of Helen Hunt, as I knew her, when I was fifteen.

Hattie is twenty-five and, according to her own estimate, is the type of girl known as the decidedly modern. She is strictly tailor-made, a born leader, and she certainly leads. She is forelady in chief of all the social functions and various activities of the church my poor brother served faithfully for ten years prior to his death. She is, as Aileen puts it, "right on the job." She holds that every girl in the face of unseen and, according to her, inevitable disaster, should have a vocation. Consequently, she studies music and spends two hours out of every twenty-four in the front parlor at the piano, Sundays being the only exception to this rule. I like Hattie. I admire her levelheadedness and her ambition, also her inclination to be masculine in attire and manner.

THEN there is Aileen. How she happened to be born into such a family, or rather, how she happened to be born just as she is, considering the family, I could never make out. Aileen is everything the rest of the family isn't—vivacious, tempestuous and dangerously attractive. In short, she is absolutely adorable and, though the others do not realize it, she rules them with a fairy wand, kissing her mother into submission at too serious a reprimand, wheedling Kate into supplying her wants, whatever they may be, and dancing all over the old house when Hattie settles down to her daily two hours at the piano. Not that Hattie plays dance music, but that she plays just naturally dances. She is in her second year at College, in fact has completed the second year with flying honors. Aileen is clever as well as pretty, and studious as well as gay. Once she confided in me, "I'm going to do something some day, Aunt Sib, but I haven't made up my mind just yet as to what it's to be." I adore Aileen! I adore her for her youth, for her unconscious charm and for the undaunted spirit of her. There is something splendidly fearless about Aileen.

AND now that they wanted to send her to me, hoping Freeport would subdue her, I became at once determined that Freeport should do nothing of the kind. When my mind's made up, it's made up. I sat for some time in contemplation. Then I went at once to my desk and dashed off a letter to Kate.

Dear Kate:

I am sorry indeed that it is impossible to have Aileen with me at the present time—

Then I considered for fully twenty minutes, just how it would be impossible, biting furiously at my pen the while—

Because (*I continued*) I've planned to have the house papered and painted. Things will be in a terrible state. However, do not be discouraged. I shall make a short visit to Rochester. Expect me Tuesday on the four-thirty.

Always your
Aunt Sib.

Accordingly, on Tuesday, I arrived. Hattie met me at the station. I espied her from the car window, clad in a trim suit of pongee and a becoming sailor, and my heart swelled with a sort of aunty pride. I must say this for Hattie, she certainly knows how to dress well.

"So glad you're here!" she said, giving me a warm kiss of welcome. "Here, give me your bag. I've hired a taxi—it's just around the corner. Come along. "Decent sort of weather, isn't it?"

That was just like Hattie, masterly and at her ease. I admired her tremendously.

"You know," she confided as we were speeding along on our way. "We haven't told Aileen that you were coming. We thought she might suspect something on our part in bringing you here. Do you see?"

I nodded.

"Besides, we thought the surprise of your visit might please her into some sort of submission. She's awfully fond of you."

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Sure of it! Why, last week when Mother was scolding her, trying to show her what people would think of her proceedings, she just flared right out. 'I don't care a darn what people think. Aunt Sib wouldn't, she knows better.' So, you see?"

Yes—I did see, but discreetly I hid my smile of understanding. Aileen was right! She would know once I was there, that I was there for her purpose.

HELEN and Kate were on the veranda when we arrived, Helen more austere than ever in her dress of severe black; Kate as prim as possible in a frock of blue dotted delaine.

Hattie took my baggage into the house while I settled down in accordance with the atmosphere. Presently, she came out wheeling the tea cart and we all partook of the cup that cheers. But this time it didn't. After one cup and two cookies, I'd had more than enough.

"Tell me now," I begged, "just what is the matter with Aileen?"

Helen looked mournful; Kate clasped her hands in her lap and settled back in her chair; Hattie merely waited for someone else to start.

"She's a little impossible," Helen ventured.

"A little impossible," Kate echoed. Then with more spirit than I knew she possessed, she said, "She's downright impossible."

"But what does she do?" I asked.

"Just what she pleases!" Helen's mouth shut firm.

"Her language is terrible. Why, she says," Kate lowered her voice, "she says darn and golly—and such dreadful things—and she doesn't seem to care."

"She's going with a pretty fast crowd," Hattie offered, "Sam Taylor—you know him."

I confessed ignorance as to the existence of any Sam Taylor.

"Well, he's Dave Taylor's son," Hattie explained. "Dave Taylor runs the Savoy Theatre here. There's a

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"I know you meant it!" There were tears in Aileen's reply. "And you don't care?" "Oh, yes! I do care—" she leaned against the veranda post with her head thrown back and her eyes half closed, "But I couldn't love anybody now"

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stock company there now—The Milton Mack Musical Comedy Company. Sam introduced Aileen and now she is thick with the whole crowd."

This was interesting; certainly more than I had expected.

"She is so different," Helen tried her best to make me see the difference. "She has always been gay but her gaiety has lost the innocent beauty of childhood."

"Well, Aileen's twenty!" I suggested as a solace but Kate did not see it that way.

"You must understand," she replied firmly, "or everything will fail. Certainly, she is a child no longer. But she has not grown up—she has not developed according to her age. She is absolutely hard-hearted. She has no sympathies. You remember Bob Merritt—"

I REMEMBERED. Hadn't Bob been born and raised in the house next door, hadn't I cuddled him as a baby and spanked him as a boy? Hadn't my heart ached when he went away to war and hadn't my joy been unbounded when he came through the struggle without a scratch? And hadn't I cried in the dark many a night when I had learned he had died of the flu in England. Yes — I remembered, so I merely nodded.

"Well, when we told Aileen last fall," Kate proceeded, "she just said sharply—'Is that so?' And she went to a movie, the very same night the news came. And when we wanted her to go and offer some comfort to Mrs. Merritt and poor Flora, she just laughed— 'What do you think I am, going in there and slopping over a couple of chicken hearts?'"

"We've known the Merritts for years," Helen looked across the lawn to the house next door, "Why the children used to play in the sand pile together under that old maple tree."

"And that's not the only time." Kate's expression was painful to look upon. "She's been so flippant and frivolous to everybody. Hattie had some wounded soldiers here several times during the winter. There was one blind chap and Aileen flirted with him disgustingly. She actually said, 'Do you see?' every time she meant, 'Do you understand,' and when I called her attention to it, she simply laughed herself sick. And one night when the Merritts were over for tea, she cracked jokes with Mr. Merritt all evening and he's so broken up about Bob, too."

"It is certainly a problem," Hattie took up the tale. She should be taken away for a time, that is my solution. If she were in some quiet place where she had time to come to her senses—"

"If she only had to suffer something," said Kate. "That would show her. If she only knew what it was to have a heartache, to cry, to endure grief—"

"That'll do," Hattie checked her. "I guess there is enough sorrow in this world without wishing any on Aileen. She's a right to good times—in moderation. At least, I think so."

As I once said, I like Hattie.

"You're right," I agreed, "Everybody gets their share of the worst, sooner or later." I spoke from the standpoint of fifty years. "Now it's up to us to keep Aileen happy. She's too sweet to know what suffering means." I saw Hattie was on my side.

Then with a great flopping of skirts, a flying of hair and a waving of tennis racket, Aileen herself came breathlessly up the steps and dashed into our tea party.

"Oh, Aunt Sib!" she cried with a hug that almost dislocated my collar bone, "Say—this is a surprise!" And she finished with three smacking kisses, one on each cheek and one on my nose, though she really had aimed it at my mouth. We laughed heartily.

As I once said, I adore Aileen.

She dropped down into a chair and surveyed the tea cart, the empty cups and the plate with three cookies.

"Well, if that's all you've left," she said, "I wish somebody would think about getting supper."

Kate rose. "I'll go in now," she said.

"That's right, old sport," Aileen laughed artfully.

Kate gave me a despairing glance and proceeded into the house; Hattie followed her, wheeling the cart.

"We had such a ripping time this afternoon," Aileen beamed at me. "Sam Taylor—Oh, I must tell you about Sam Taylor, Aunt Sib." She cocked her head knowingly. "Gee, he's superb! He can play tennis better than anyone I know and he's the greatest—"

"AILEEN," Helen interrupted, leaning forward in her chair and scrutinizing her youngest daughter. "You are absolutely untidy. I ask you to make yourself presentable before supper."

Aileen laughed and left us.

"What do you think of her?" Helen asked eagerly the minute we were alone.

"I think she is the dearest child in the world," I replied promptly. "Really, Helen, you have every reason in the world to be proud of her."

"Oh, I am proud of her!" There was no mistaking the pride in Helen's voice. "I want to continue to be proud of her. That's the point. I really feel a better since you arrived, Sibyl! You will help us, I am sure."

Aileen came down in time for supper, dainty in pink organdy. I never saw her quite so bewitching. The arrangement of her heavy dark hair, the winsome curve of her soft mouth, the tantalizing merriment of her eyes and the grace of her slender young body disturbed me a little. She was just the sort of a girl any Sam Taylor would love. There was something infectious about the gaiety of Aileen that at once entranced and enchanted me and at supper, I was, as always, an easy victim to her mood. Afterwards, she took my arm in the companionable sort of a way she has, drew me out on the veranda and down the front steps.

"Let's take a little tiny walk," she coaxed, and then in a whisper, "I want to talk to you. I suppose," she said when we were a block from the house, "mother and the girls have been telling you things about me. They're all down on me, you know! They don't want me to have any fun or anything," she ended petulantly.

"They have told me something." They really are very worried about you."

"Oh, I know, but it's silly."

"They say you are hard-hearted," I told her frankly. "They say when Bob Merritt died, you didn't care a snap."

"Why, I did, too," she retorted, "I was as sorry as anybody, but that was no reason why I should blubber all over the place just like the rest of them. It really was sickening the way they carried on. Bob wouldn't have liked it, you know. He wasn't keen about the sob stuff. Neither am I."

Well, there was one point to her credit in spite of Kate.

"Now, tell me your side of it," I commanded. "Who's Sam Taylor?"

"Oh, Sam," she brightened, "he's an awful decent sort; his father owns the Savoy Theatre and just because of that, Mother and Kate won't have me bring him around. Sam is just as nice as anybody. I know Kate can't help being the son of a theatre owner any more than I can help being the daughter of a minister. And besides, what difference does it make? And Kate just has fits because I go with some of the Comedy Company girls. They think they're bad. Why, Aunt Sib," she said presently, "if they are going to tie me down the way they are trying to do now, I'll make up my mind pretty quick some day to run away and live my own life. Why Milton Mack would take me into his show in a minute. We all have to live our own lives, don't you agree to that?"

I DID and I told her so. But I didn't tell her how surprised and dismayed I was at the very idea of her being in a musical comedy show. I did a lot of thinking that night and I decided that Aileen had to have a big chance to live her own life—*and to live it in Rochester.* She was as much of an individual as Helen or Kate or Hattie, if not more so. I wasn't going to have her life warped and twisted to suit anybody's ideas but her own.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, she was off and so I tackled the family. Helen and Kate were washing the breakfast dishes.

"What we must do," I strove to be calm in the act of throwing a bomb, "is let Aileen do exactly as she pleases *for one week.*"

"She's doing that now!" Kate wiped a plate vigorously. "And, moreover, a week wouldn't satisfy her. She wants a whole life."

"And just what she ought to have,"

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"I am glad," said Aileen, "I wanted you to know. I meant to tell you. Sometimes, it is too hard—but not always. Love is so wonderful!"

I thought inwardly but aloud I said "I don't think you understand me. I mean for one week she must be allowed to go and come as she pleases—without question—and she must be allowed to bring her friends here if she wishes to do so."

Helen stopped her dishwashing to stare at me incredulously.

"That," she said tersely, "would be utterly impossible!" "

"Now, see here," I said, returning her stare to the best of my ability, "You ask me here to help you out of this problem and when I offer a solution you immediately refuse to consider my proposition. I can't tell her not to go with those girls and not to run around with Sam Taylor unless I can convince her that she shouldn't. And I can't convince her without knowing them. You let me have my way for just one week and I'll let Aileen have hers. If it doesn't work, then I'll take her away for a good long visit. Either that or I may as well go home, for I won't be of any use around here. Now, suit yourselves," and with that I left the room and went in to see Hattie. She was at the piano in the front room, just starting in on her two hours of practising.

"HATTIE," I said and I must admit that it was sharp, for she whirled around and looked up at me somewhat startled. "Hattie, I want fifteen minutes of your time and I want it right now!" And I got it! Then I repeated what I had said in the kitchen. Hattie listened attentively and with understanding.

"I think you're right," she said when I had finished. "We ought to give Aileen and her friends a chance to prove themselves."

Before twelve o'clock we had reached a compromise. Aileen was to do as she pleased and I was to be responsible for the outcome.

I hadn't any time to lose so right at dinner I made the first advances.

"Aileen," I said, "Why don't you ever ask your stage friends over here to supper?"

"I guess you ought to know why," she replied.

"I DON'T see that there is any reason why you shouldn't. Suppose we set a night. I'll help Kate get up a nice supper. Your friends have to work week nights, so why not say Sunday."

Helen and Kate exchanged a quick alarmed glance but demurred not an inch.

"Sunday would be fine," Aileen declared more in jest than anything. She waited for protestations but when none were forthcoming her amazement was complete.

"Then it's settled," I went on, "You ask them all for Sunday. Tell them we'll have a good old-fashioned supper about six."

"I'll ask Birdie and Rosalind and Elsie and Marcella and Milton Mack," Aileen exulted, "and I'll ask Sam." She cast a furtive glance at Kate. "He's so dandy to have around!"

And Aileen was as good as her word. She asked the whole crowd of them and they were as good as their invitation—they came.

Kate tackled that supper preparation in much the same manner as she did the spring house cleaning, with resolute and devout determination. Hattie dusted with a fervor that exceeded my expectations and Helen fluttered everywhere, superintending everything and accomplishing little.

When Sunday evening finally came and the gay company trooped up the steps, Kate rose with grandeur to the dignities of the occasion. Even Helen did credit to the name of Allen. Of Hattie, I had no fear; her capabilities were right on par with the party.

The girls were all sweet, youthful in their summer frocks, and with pretty faces. Birdie was "flighty" to look upon but she gave my hand such a genuine squeeze when Aileen introduced us, that I didn't care how she looked.

My great dread was Sam Taylor. Milton Mack, I liked—but Sam!

"So glad to meet you, Aunt Sibyl!" he said, giving my arm the shake of a life time, "I've just been waiting for this, you know."

MY heart warmed towards Sam Taylor and I made up my mind then and there that it didn't matter how many theatres his father owned. Sam was all right and a credit to anyone.

How those children did enjoy that supper! Just to see them was worth all the pains and hard word of preparation. The food disappeared with surprising quickness.

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"A cold roast chicken!" Birdie clapped her hands. "Milt prefers them like this even if he is in the show business."

Everybody laughed. I looked at Birdie and discovered with some misgiving that she had been seated next to Kate. In spite of her warm hand grip, she did look somewhat capricious. I had my doubts as to the outcome. But that outcome rested upon the hands of Fate, not mine, so I settled down to enjoy the meal, with Hattie at my right side and Sam Taylor at my left. The more I saw of Sam Taylor, the more I liked him and, since he stayed by me pretty well all evening, I liked him a whole lot better when the party came to its close than when it had started.

WE talked in little groups out on the veranda all evening. Everybody seemed happy, everybody at ease. I noticed that even Kate had lost her nervousness, and Birdie stayed close at her side. It seemed no time when the evening had passed and there was a stir of departure.

"I've had such a good time," I heard Rosalind Bain say as she held Helen's hand in farewell. "It was just like being home to me."

"How long are you to be in Rochester?" Helen asked.

"Three more Sunday nights!" Milton Mack answered promptly for her.

"Save them for us!" Helen was admirable. "We've enjoyed this, too. And, perhaps, another evening—after your concert," Helen could not have been induced to say "show"—"Perhaps we could arrange a lawn party for the whole company."

They went away happy and left happiness behind them.

"Well, you never can tell!" said Hattie. "Say, Kate, can't these dishes wait to be washed in the morning?"

For once, Kate agreed that they could.

Aileen was in her element, hovering about them with a tenderness that was beautiful.

"It was just wonderful," she kept saying it over and over as though she could scarcely believe it were true. "It was just wonderful for you to say that, Mother,—to ask them back here again."

"That Birdie is a very sweet child," Kate confided to me as we paused in the upper hall. "She said her mother died when she was eight, and that as Birdie remembered her—she was just like me—"

"Poor little child! You don't know what it is to be without a mother, Kate."

"She liked my biscuits and she's coming to see me some morning. And—" Kate's voice quivered, "Do you suppose I could go to see her acting?"

"Why, yes!" I agreed.

"It wouldn't be wrong? She wants me to go."

"Wrong! Fiddlesticks! It would be more wrong *not* to go."

Kate kissed me and went down the hall to her room. I tiptoed to Aileen's door, opened it softly and stepped in.

"Will wonders never cease!" she greeted me, "Honestly, Aunt Sib—I'm broke in the brains."

"I'm broke in the brains, too," I confided, "Kate is going to see the show."

Aileen's mouth opened and stayed open.

"What!" she gasped.

"Birdie asked her," I explained, "and I believe she has given her promise."

"Oh, Aunt Sib!" Aileen came and sat down on the bed beside me. "Isn't it wonderful in the world when folks begin to forget about themselves and to think of others?"

The next three days were merciless in heat. Even Aileen was content to put aside her tennis racket and lounge about the house. With drawn blinds and closed doors, Kate managed to keep the place fairly cool and comfortable.

But the whole atmosphere of that house had changed; the very discord that had caused my arrival had disappeared. It was a manifestation of the old saying, "After the storm comes a calm."

I saw my way clear to return home. The problem of Aileen had been solved; the way had been made level. At least, I was convinced that it had been and then—I wasn't. On Monday, Aileen was more quiet and subdued than I had ever known her to be in all her twenty-seven years. Not that she was sad or melancholy, but suddenly, the spontaneous gaiety of her had been snuffed out as one might snuff out the flame of a candle. She was listless and careless and sweet. It was this sweetness that first attracted my attention. Aileen had always had a sort of gay flower-like sweetness but this new quality was more like the perfume of a fading bouquet. It showed itself in a quiet submission towards each one of us. She arranged the table for Kate; she set her room in order, where disorder had been the rule; she carried flowers into the parlor, when Hattie was at the piano; and she waited tirelessly upon Helen who was prostrated with the heat.

"This heat's affecting Aileen just as it affects Mother," Kate remarked on Tuesday afternoon.

And I thought so myself until Wednesday evening; then, my mind was subjected to a sudden change of opinion.

"I'll have to go out to-night," Aileen announced at the supper table.

"Aunt Sib and I are going to the church garden party," Hattie put in. "You'll go, won't you, Aunt Sib? Somebody has got to be there!"

"Yes," I nodded, "I'm going."

KATE fidgeted in her chair.

"You'll stay with mother, won't you, Kate?" Aileen asked, for Helen was still unable to be left alone.

"Yes—I can stay in," Kate admitted, "Birdie sent me a ticket to see her show —but—"

"But—*you'll go*," Aileen said emphatically. "My evening wasn't anything much. I can stay home easily. You must go, Kate. Birdie will be awfully disappointed, if you don't."

Later, I heard her telephoning to Sam Taylor.

"I'm awfully sorry, Sam," she said, "But this time, I can't—really. I must stay with Mother. What? Tomorrow? Well, I'll try, Sam, but I can't promise. In the morning? Yes. Ten o'clock? All right!"

Aileen was a loyal unselfish little soul, and I knew it even if the others didn't. I was almost on the verge of declining to go with Hattie, but I knew the outcome. After a great deal of argumentative talk, I would still have to go. Aileen was like that—she stuck to her word. So I went on my way with Hattie, with never a protest. I cannot say that I really enjoyed that lawn fête. My thoughts were constantly upon Aileen at home—alone with Helen. She had not been the same since Sunday night. It was not that she was just listless, she was active enough about the house but there was something about her—a *lifelessness*. That was the word I wanted—lifelessness! Had some dream been shattered? Some hope broken—some desire—

Oh, you never can tell!

IT was about eleven when we returned from the garden party. Hattie was dead tired so she went immediately to her room. I stood on the veranda steps for a minute. The street was very quiet and the night was warm. I felt no desire to go indoors and so I sought out a chair on the veranda. Aileen was in the hammock; she stretched sleepily as I sat down.

"Have a good time?" she asked.

"Yes," I assured her. "We did. What have you been doing?"

Aileen wreathed her arms above her head and smiled back at me. "Dreaming," she said.

It may have been the way she said it, in the low, sweet accent of dreams, or it may have been the wistful smile on her face—at any rate, I was startled. I leaned forward in my chair and looked long into the face of Aileen. There was nothing to come between us, nothing but the hush of the hour and the peace of the night. Aileen was so lovely. She lay so still, her dark hair soft and curly about her face, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, as though to speak, and she returned my stare of understanding with a strange unspoken confidence. She had been crying. I knew she had been crying, and, moreover, she knew that I knew.

"Tell me?" I urged at length.

"Oh, it's nothing!" she sat up suddenly, laughing at my seriousness. "I just get tired laughing all the time, so sometimes I cry for a change." She paused, listened a moment, and then called softly, "Is that you, Kate?"

Kate it was, coming stealthily up the veranda steps.

"Oh!" She hesitated, then came and sat down beside Aileen in the hammock. "I didn't think the rest of you would be up. I didn't want to waken anyone."

"How was the show?" Aileen whispered it close to her ear.

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"Birdie did very well. She is such a pretty little thing. If I had plenty of money I'd like to take a girl like Birdie and raise her."

"Raise her?" Aileen echoed, throwing back her head and laughing deliciously, "Raise her! Oh joy!"

"You know," Kate began when Aileen had left us, "it is a blessing that Aileen has such a home as this. She is so gay and light hearted that she would never be able to meet the temptations and rebuffs of the world."

"Yes," I agreed aloud but inwardly I did not agree at all. I was pretty sure that Aileen knew something of those temptations and those rebuffs.

Aileen was off early the next day, alluring in a sport suit of rather daring design.

"I won't be back until late," she turned to wave at me from the bottom veranda step. "It's a trip up the river for us to-day. So long!" And she was off—a symbol of happiness. And yet I wanted to call her back and fold her close.

The day was not so terrible as the previous days had been. Aileen called up about eight, saying she had had a wonderful day, would not be home until quite late and please tell mother not to worry.

It was about midnight when I slipped out on the upper balcony for a good look at the stars. I may not tolerate sentimentalism during the day but I have my hours of such indulgence. I was just ready to turn back into my room when I saw Aileen coming up the street. Sam Taylor was with her. They stopped in front of the house and talked in low tones together for some minutes. I know I had no business on the balcony. I should have gone inside. But I didn't! Not that I listened either—I just naturally heard, since I am not deaf. Presently, Aileen held out her hand. I knew she was saying good-night. But young Sam Taylor followed her up the steps to the veranda.

"You know, Aileen!" I heard him say, "I meant all those things I told you this afternoon. I really do love you."

"I know you meant it," there was tiredness and tears in Aileen's reply.

"And you don't care?"

"Oh, yes—I do care!" She leaned against the veranda post, her head thrown back, her eyes half closed. "But I don't care enough—not yet, Sam. We are young—why, we haven't finished college yet—there's heaps of time. I couldn't love you now, Sam. Perhaps, some day—but now—," her hand went up to her eyes—"*Oh I couldn't love anybody now.*"

Sam didn't say another word. He believed her and he understood. He turned and went slowly down the steps.

And Aileen? Aileen stood there leaning against the post, her head thrown back, her hand across her eyes. There was a sense of weariness in her attitude, of utter dejection, of pain, and of age-old wisdom. Aileen of the laughing eyes, the red lips, the gay frocks, the good times! Yes—she knew much of the temptations and the rebuffs of life. But just what did she know?

It must have been fully ten minutes before she slipped into the house, though it seemed hours to me, waiting there on the upper balcony. And as she passed in, she was crying. I, too, went in, sat down on the edge of my bed and became lost in deep contemplation.

"I couldn't love you now, Sam. Perhaps, some day."

Had Aileen spoken the truth or did she really care—and care greatly. She had cried afterwards and I knew in my heart she was crying now, alone in her room. Had she cared really and had she denied it? But why—why should she do that—if she cared?

She knew they would never consent. They had been fine about the party, fine about many things since the party, but this—well, this was an altogether different matter. To them, Aileen was a child, incapable, as yet, of knowing what Love meant. They would not understand. Did Aileen realize this too or did she hope in a few years that they might come to understand. But if she did love him now—and it seemed clear to me that she did—had Helen and Kate and Hattie any right to stand in the way of her happiness? I knew they had not. I was glad then that Aileen's father was not here. Years before, he had changed the course of my life for me, and all these years I had been trying to convince myself that he had been right and I never could believe it—never. I determined to have this thing out with the family. But first I must make sure — very sure — that Aileen cared for Sam Taylor. About four, I decided that I would ask her to tell me the truth.

The next day, Aileen was as radiant as the June morn when she came down to breakfast and equally as lovely. She was full of lively chatter, telling us about the excursion of the day before, of some picnic plans they had for the future, asking about the supper for Sunday night, the garden party Helen had promised. Back into her voice had come that unconscious animation, that flippancy, that lightness. She was keenly and truly alive.

Sam phoned and she went away in a hurry to play tennis.

"Life is one sweet song to her!" Hattie said.

"It certainly is," I agreed as I went upstairs to make the beds. I went first into Aileen's room closing the door softly and securely behind me. I could not say why I did this, but I felt in a strange way as though I were stepping into a sanctum. If the pictures on the walls could talk, what manner of things would they tell me about Aileen? I looked at them—pictures of beautiful maids and ardent youths, pictures of rosy babies, and—one—of a dog. I looked at the room and disorderly as it was, I loved it. To me, from the pale blue kimona thrown over a chair, to the half empty scent bottle on the bureau, it was typical of Aileen's happy, confusing, youthful self.

I crossed to the bed, lifted the pillow, shook it out and tossed it on a chair. My hands reached out to straighten the sheet and were stayed in the act. Instead, I picked up a letter that the pillow had covered. There were several sheets and at the top of each sheet the red triangle of the Y. M. C. A.

Dear little Sweetheart:

A mist moved before my eyes. I could not go on—that would have been wrong. But I stood there fingering the pages—and, on the third page, I read:—

"Our love has meant so much to me. It has helped me through the terror and trouble of many days. It has kept me straight. There are so many ways that lead crooked over here. We must not tell even yet how much we mean to each other. Our folks would say we are too young to know love. They would not realize that love is not a thing of age—but Ages. They would not understand us, then. But we know, so that is all that matters."

My eyes smarted—my throat ached. And then on the last page—

"You were so brave when I came away. I can remember your laughter when the rest of them cried. And when I come back—you'll be laughing then! I want you to keep laughing, dear, all the time—no matter whatever happens. There is always need of laughter in the world."

And down at the bottom of the last page, was the one name I loved so much, scrawled out with a boyish flourish—"*BOB.*"

I put the letter back and covered it with the pillow. Then, I went out of the room and closed the door behind me. That night, I told Aileen how I came upon it.

"I am glad," she said. "I wanted you to know. I meant to tell you. Sometimes it is too hard—but not always. Love is so wonderful!"

I saw that her eyes were shining!

THEODOCIA PEARCE displays a certain genius in describing the hopes and fears of every-day folks. The people in the series of stories that ended in the September number, with "None So Useless," may be found in every village and city in the land. In this story, she has again shown the same ability. Aileen, Hattie, Kate, Aunt Sib—you will find yourself as much absorbed in their affairs as if you had always known them

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THE FOREIGN WORK OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By Frederick P. Keppel

Director of Foreign Operations for the Red Cross

PEOPLE who are interested in a clear exposition of the exact status of Red Cross work all over the world will find this article exceedingly timely. Mr. Keppel has left the painting of word pictures to others and gotten down to business in the account he has given here of the work done under his direction. The result is readable, illuminating and clear

IT IS, I think, fair to assume that the readers of the Magazine are familiar with the different types of work which the American Red Cross has been conducting in Europe and elsewhere abroad since the Armistice, and to assume that they would be more interested in an attempt to set forth the general background of this work, its present extent, and the possibilities for its continuation in the future, than in an effort to stress the picturesque elements of the program by a series of word pictures. The picturesque elements have never been lacking, nor indeed have the elements of heroism, but sometimes it is our duty to turn from these to consider the whole enterprise as the taking on by the Red Cross of a very serious responsibility on behalf of the American people.

Three years and a few months ago, the American Red Cross took up its appointed task in the care and succor of the armed forces of the United States in time of War. By October, 1917, there were 864 Red Cross workers in France, 517 of them volunteers, with plentiful equipment and supplies. This enabled the Red Cross not only to do its special job but to co-operate helpfully in the care of the French sick and wounded soldiers, the care of refugees and of prisoners—functions which have always been within the field of the Red Cross. By November 17, of that year, supplies and service had been extended to 3,243 French hospitals, and the care of refugees, of whom there were estimated to be 400,000 in France alone, was upon the same generous scale.

These activities, however, did not satisfy the energetic men and women who were in France, nor the War Council at home, and General Pershing was asked what could be done in addition. Pershing took up the question with General Petain, and I can give you their conclusions and the result from the report made at the time by William Allen White:

"It is felt by the military commanders of both nations that nothing could do more to keep up the *morale* of the French soldiers during the coming winter than to bring comfort and relief to the women and children at home. The soldier's knowledge that his family is well cared for will take a load off his mind, hearten him to stand against privation, which otherwise might break his spirit and make him of no physical use. Major Murphy of the American Red Cross, Generals Pershing and Petain, are working in unison to perfect the plans for the relief of families of soldiers, the military commanders believing that it will be the greatest military benefit.

"General Petain is having French officers go right down the line, ascertaining from every soldier if he has any worries on his mind. Special attention will be given to tuberculosis, and child welfare work.

"IN short, it is the purpose to keep the spirit of France bright until the military forces are ready to deal their smashing blow against German autocracy. Thus the struggle this winter will be an economic one. The Red Cross will practically fight the American fight until our boys take their places in the firing lines next Spring." (*William Allen White, in part, November 13, 1917.*)

In all, nearly ninety thousand families of French soldiers were reached and helped at a cost to the American Red Cross of over fifteen million francs.

During the summer of 1917, also, small units were sent into Serbia, and other small units into Roumania and Russia.

This brought the Red Cross definitely into the field of general relief as an element of national and Allied *morale*, and when, after Caporetto, an even more acute situation was seen to exist in Italy, there was no hesitation on the part of the American Red Cross in inaugurating and administering relief from end to end of the Italian peninsula. By July 1, 1918, the expenditures in Italy had reached nearly eight million dollars, and the families of four hundred thousand Italian soldiers had been helped in some way, and nearly a million articles for medical service, including ten complete field hospitals, had been provided.

THIS is all ancient history, but it has its place in the understanding of the current program of the American Red Cross.

When the Armistice came, the American Red Cross had achieved a reputation, not only for helping soldiers, but for helping civilians as well, and particularly a reputation for resourcefulness and energy and for an inexhaustible desire and capacity to help wherever help is needed. The Armistice brought no immediate relief to the operating program of the Red Cross of caring for our forces in Europe. The hospitals were full of our sick and wounded soldiers, and the work of the canteens was more important than ever, for our men were much happier and more contented under the stimulation of actual war conditions than in the months following the Armistice,

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when their only thought was to get home. This program, however, from the nature of the case, was of a diminishing rather than of an expanding nature, and it was evident that a considerable proportion of the immense stores of supplies (the value of chapter supplies alone which crossed the Atlantic is in excess of $80,000,000) would not be needed for our troops, and that with the increasingly rapid return of our fighting forces the corresponding demands upon our personnel would soon show a marked decline.

Such was the Red Cross situation when the early meetings of the Peace Conference revealed conditions of an appalling gravity in Easterrr Europe. In this crisis, the Peace Conference turned to Mr. Hoover, for the organization of a food distribution program, and to American organizations, notably the American Red Cross, for general relief operations. The appeal was not in vain. The personnel of the Red Cross soon made it clear that they once tasted the joys of giving oneself there was no desire to return home while there was work to be done in Europe and, as workers were released from hospital and canteen work in France, they turned their faces eastward to take up new tasks in the Red Cross units which were being established at many points.

I shall make no attempt even to summarize the work of these units, but in order that the reader may have in mind the extent of this program for other than our own citizens, let me say that the countries into which the Red Cross workers have gone since this decision. In some, they have spent millions; in Siberia, for example, over twenty-four of them. In others, their service has been incidental, but everywhere, I think they have given a good account of themselves as the stewards of the American people.

Albania. Armenia (through contributions to the Near East Relief—$2,100,000 within the past year), Austria, Adjerbaghian, Asia Minor, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Belgium, British Isles, Czecho-Slovakia, Dalmatia, Esthonia, France, Finland, Germany, (primarily for Russian prisoners), Greece, Georgia, Hungary, Italy, Kuban, Latvia, Lithuania, Montenegro, Palestine, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Serbia, Switzerland, Siberia, Turkey, Ukrainia.

In the Balkan peninsula alone, the American Red Cross established eighteen hospitals of 1,880 beds, in addition to equipping and giving supplies to those already in existence, numbering, of course, many times eighteen. To take care of the rural population, forty-two mobile dispensaries were put into action. Additional facilities for orphans were set up, numbering fifty-one new asylums, where the little waifs are given at least as fair a chance as possible to grow up, trained in mind and body, so that they will be able to do something useful.

FORTY-FOUR child welfare stations were established, and most of these will continue in operation after the Red Cross workers have withdrawn. This work constitutes one of the most important of the branches of the service given by Americans to Europe.

Thirty-one stations were set up to take care of refugees. Thousands of returned civilians got clean clothes, a bath (for the first time in months), had the vermin removed from their bodies to stop the spread of typhus fever, were given food—many thousands who otherwise would have had no place to which they might turn.

To distribute the thousands of tons of supplies sent in, sixty stations were placed at the most strategic points and subsidiary distribution made from these.

When operations were at their peak, in the various Balkan countries, there were 591 people engaged in disease fighting, relief distribution and handling the supplies.

One of the supreme difficulties of this work and, at the same time, one of its fascinations, was its uncertainty. Other things being equal, the Red Cross policy is to turn toward constructive work, particularly in the field of public health. It does not regard itself primarily as a relief organization. But other things are seldom if ever equal. There is nothing constructive to be done with a refugee. He is economic and social anomaly. But, from the day the first Belgian peasants fled in blind terror from their homes, through six years to the present conditions in Poland, the refugee has always, somewhere or other, and usually in several places at once, presented an acute problem, and the Red Cross has always stood ready to meet it to the best of its ability.

With the refugee comes almost inevitably the problem of the epidemic. Typhus will spring up wherever the refugee, vermin-laden as he is sure to be, makes his way. And, where typhus or any other epidemic has broken out, the Red Cross has needed no second call. In considering typhus, too, we must remember that its chief menace is not in the deaths from the disease itself, tragic as these are, but because it will further postpone the restoration to normal vigor and economic efficiency of the people attacked.

IN SPITE of these calls to meet emergency conditions, however, the constructive program has not been overlooked and, in one particular field, that of nursing, has similarly public health nursing, a great deal of permanent value has already been accomplished.

Side by side with the general program of the Red Cross in Europe, also, there has been built up a supplementary service for children growing out of the extraordinary success of the campaign for junior membership in the United States and the desire to give the young people of America a definite contact with the youngsters of Europe, both for the purpose of broadening the sympathies and deepening the understanding of our own rising generation and of providing practical help from the resources made available by the Children's Fund to boys and girls who stand sorely in need of such help.

The Junior Red Cross has appropriated up to June 30, 1920, a grand total of $396,231 for the support and assistance of schools and orphanages, for scholarships and apprenticeships, for constructive health activities, for summer and winter colonies, and for playgrounds and gardens in Albania, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Greece, Italy, Montenegro, Poland, Roumania, Serbia, Syria, Palestine, China, and the Virgin Islands. The expenditures have been made out of the National Children's Fund raised by the co-operative effort of the school children of America of whom approximately 12,000,000 (estimated) are in Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries.

Whatever may prove necessary in the curtailment of the general program of the Red Cross abroad, there is no thought of curtailing the work of the Junior Red Cross, which is essentially *educational*, its fundamental aim being to encourage and develop in every possible way mutual acquaintance, understanding, respect and co-operation between the children of the United States and those of foreign lands.

No consideration of the foreign work of the American Red Cross would be complete without some reference to the type of service which developed separately from that of the operating Commissions with which we have been dealing. One of the most striking achievements and revelations of the war period was the growth of what, in Red Cross parlance, is known as the Insular and Foreign Chapters and Auxiliaries formed by Americans residing outside the Continental limits of the United States. Through this development, the Red Cross banner is now planted all over the world. Chapters have survived the let-down in interest following the Armistice and are today maintaining an active existence. Through these Chapters, under the direction of the Insular and Foreign Division office at Washington, Red Cross work in the field of constructive health and, when necessary, in direct relief, is being conducted in many strategic points not reached by the Commission in Europe. It was the strength and energy of the Fourteenth Division in Japan, China, and the Hawaiian Islands for example which made possible the prompt organization of the Red Cross work in Siberia. The Czecho-Slovakian forces there received the assistance they needed and, from the beginning, the work developed as a separate Commission, until in all some twenty-four million dollars was expended in Asiatic Russia.

The Fourteenth Division has done pioneer work of the first importance in our new possessions, the Virgin Islands, and has supplemented the work of our Navy in its responsibility for the conduct of affairs in the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. It is co-operating with the authorities of the Canal Zone to meet the difficult conditions at the Isthmus. In its plans for the future, the Division is looking forward to being of particular assistance to the young men of the American Merchant Marine

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who, through the net-work of Red Cross Chapters now established in the seaports of the world can, it is believed, be brought into contact with the same Red Cross service and the Red Cross spirit which our soldiers and sailors have learned to count upon.

Turning again to the work of the Foreign Commissions, let us now consider what all the work done under their direction has cost, and what we have now in hand. The data on pages 64 and 65, not heretofore published, will indicate the scale of our operations, and will reveal what is not generally realized, that the American Red Cross has actually spent considerably more for others than for our own people. The funds and supplies were, it is true, held in reserve for our own soldiers and sailors (and for our home program) so long as there was a possibility of using them to advantage, but the fact is nevertheless significant. In round numbers, of four hundred millions raised by the American people and spent on their behalf by the American Red Cross since April, 1917, nearly three hundred million has been spent abroad, and, of this latter figure, much more than half has been devoted to the relief of other peoples. In view of the statement which one hears at every hand in Europe and not infrequently here, to the effect that the United States has forgotten Europe since the Armistice, let me supplement the Red Cross figures by an estimate of what the American people have contributed through other agencies in 1919 and early 1920. The figures are not official, but they are, I believe, conservative. One single organization—the Joint Distribution Committee—has expended $31,000,000, and the total contribution, including United States Government credits in cash and supplies; the operations of the American Relief Administration; and the activities of other American bodies, reaches the total of $218,000,000.

Turning again to our own particular problems, we find that in spite of the enormous sums actually expended by the American Red Cross for European relief, the question of finding the money has been a difficult one ever since the Armistice, and increasingly so with each succeeding month.

During the weeks of study and appraisal following the disbanding of the War Council on March 1st, 1919, it was difficult to determine just what would be available after the following July for the purpose of continuing relief work in Europe. From the conditions under which the gifts were made, it was not clear, in many cases, whether certain funds in our Treasury could properly be used for peace time relief work. Large reserves had to be maintained to meet claims, governmental and otherwise, against the Red Cross, which would surely appear when the slow moving hand of bureaucracy was ready to send in the bill. Indeed, it looked for a time as if the foreign program of the American Red Cross, in spite of piteous appeals from the peoples who were being helped, and in spite of indignant protests from our own workers, would have to end in July, 1919. It was with real relief, therefore, that the Executive Committee found itself shortly before that date with unrestricted funds available which, with the chapter supplies not needed for our soldiers and sailors or as reserves for the home program, were sufficient to justify a continuation of the program for a few months longer. To these resources were soon added, by Act of Congress authorizing the Secretary of War to turn over to the American Red Cross certain medical supplies remaining in France, stores of a value of about ten million dollars. The cash reserves were supplemented by economies in administration both at home and abroad, and by the salvage of material which could not by itself be made useful. The total assets were small in comparison with the princely sums at the disposal of the Red Cross during the days of the war drives, but were sufficient to maintain a program of substantial proportions, and the membership drive in November plus the handsome allotments from Chapter treasuries to National Headquarters and certain new gifts from individuals, justified the setting up of a budget of $10,000,000, plus remaining supplies, for work in Europe, available January 1, 1920, to carry on the work for the ensuing six months and as much longer as possible. This brings us up to July 1, 1920, the beginning of the new fiscal year. In taking stock of the general situation as of that date, the first thing we observe is that our obligations (not our opportunities) have been rapidly reduced within the previous months. General operations, as contrasted with the Junior Red Cross program and the other constructive work already referred to, have been brought to a close in the countries which have absorbed the lion's share of our money, supplies and energy. In France, Belgium, Italy, Greece and Roumania, the people themselves are now in a position, with the aid of their own Red Cross and other agencies, to take over the responsibility themselves, and our general operations have been closed down. In England, the remaining activities are now in the hands of the London Chapter of the Fourteenth Division. In Siberia, political developments made it impossible to continue longer.

To carry on its program, the American Red Cross has considerable wealth in supplies, not as well balanced, it is true, as we might wish, but capable of doing great good through intelligent distribution. It has through the transfer of funds from emergency reserves, sufficient cash to bring about the distribution of these supplies, if the greatest care is exercised—and that is all. The operating program to be adopted in the light of these conditions was determined upon after a series of conferences held in Venice last June and lasting for a full week, at which were present the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner for Europe, the Director of Foreign Operations, and the Field Commissioners and other operating heads, who had been called in from the Baltic States, Poland, Vienna and Budapest, Italy, Montenegro, Albania, Serbia, Constantinople and the Crimea. There were present also, from Paris, the heads of finance, supplies and Transportation; the head of the Junior Red Cross in Europe, and representatives of the League of Red Cross Societies. Upon my return to Washington after this conference, I reported the policy as to foreign work which had been adopted as the result of the Venice Conference as follows:

1. Continue active operations at the present, or even on an increased scale, at points where the need is greatest, notably certain districts in Poland.

2. To inaugurate a tapering-down program in territories where either the need has become less or where other agencies—in some cases the local government, or the local Red Cross Society, or other American or Foreign organizations—will be ready to take the work.

3. To accelerate the distribution of supplies.

In general, the active operations of the American Red Cross will be concentrated in the belt in Eastern Europe running from Finland, on the north, through Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia (particularly Ruthenia), Austria, Hungary and Jugo-Slavia, with a supply base station at Constantinople and a field unit in the Crimea. This does not include all the work in Europe, but it indicates the concentration of effort.

Behind the line just mentioned stands Soviet Russia where, in the judgment of the Venice conference, it is not now practicable to conduct relief operations to advantage, although the needs are very great, especially in the cities. The Red Cross is receiving supplies and stands ready, at the moment when conditions justify, to rush these supplies into Petrograd, Moscow and elsewhere. The continuation of relief work on a large scale in Russia, beyond the initial distribution of supplies, will depend on the support which the American people wish to give to the work.

THIS will not be an easy program to carry out particularly because the ratio of cash available to supplies to be moved and distributed is very much lower than has ever been the case heretofore.

In its more recent work, however, the Red Cross has been turning more and more to small operating teams composed of men as being both more economical and, for rapid work, more effective, than the large unit composed of men and women. It was a team of this kind, under the leadership of Colonel Edward W. Ryan, who freed the little republic of Esthonia from a scourge of typhus so widespread as to threaten the very life of the nation. Similar teams are operating in Vienna and Budapest.

This development does not mean that the Red Cross has lost confidence in the work either of the trained nurse or of the woman worker who has not had this particular training. Our record in (*Continued on Pages 64, 65, 66*)

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Under these roofs, hundreds of convicted people are working and making good, who, were it not for probation, would be in prison

THE REFORMATORY WITHOUT WALLS

By Melville Chater

TO help those who help themselves has long been recognized as a good principle. This story of thirteen thousand people convicted in the courts of New York, and yet left free to work out their own reformation, is a practical illustration of its value in human terms

DID you know that Greater New York contains some 13,000 convicted but unimprisoned people, left free to work out their own reformation? This has been accomplished by the Probation Service, through whose principle of helping wrongdoers to help themselves, seventy per cent. of these people are making good.

An old jail-bird, adamant-faced and steely-eyed, stood before the New York criminal bar to receive sentence for burglary. It was his sixth conviction, and indeed, as any practised eye could have told, the man had spent most of his life in penitentiaries. "I mind the first time Carl Manxon ever came up, twenty years ago," commented a grey-haired court-attendant, indicating the prisoner. "He was a fine-looking lad—not bad, but just a bit wild—and he was up for lifting a roll of oilcloth from a truck. Since then he's spent six years "out" and sixteen years "in," and I suppose he'll end by dying up there where the bird sings twice—meaning Sing Sing—God help him!"

As Manxon was being led back to the cells, an eighteen-year old prisoner named Madden, whose case stood next on the calendar, passed him in the corridor. This first offender was charged with the identical thing for which Manxon had received his initial sentence—stealing goods from a truck. As the two prisoners exchanged glances, Manxon might have seen the ghost of his hopeful youth in the young man's face, while Madden might have read in the old jail-bird's features a warning forecast of his own future. The disposal of Madden's case, however, strikingly exemplified New York State's big advance in the intelligent handling of first offenders. There appeared beside him at the bar a plain-clothes official whose function was unknown in the days of Manxon's first

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(*Above*) Judge Alexander Brough, Probation Magistrate. (*Right*) A Contrast to Probation—a manacled prisoner on his way to Sing Sing

sentence. This probation officer, so called, had investigated not only Madden's offence but every aspect of the young man's social surroundings and character. He informed His Honor of the prisoner's excellent three years' record under one employer, expressing a belief that Madden would make good if given another chance. And, thereupon, the convicted man was technically sentenced to Elmira Reformatory, the Judge adding: "I suspend sentence, committing you to the charge of this probation officer, to whom you will report as ordered, and through whom you will make monetary restitution for your theft. You will work regularly and, when out of work, you will notify him at once. You will lead a clean, honest and temperate life, keeping good company and good hours, and avoiding all undesirable places. You will not leave the city without permission from your officer, whom you will notify of any change of address. Follow his instructions and advice: he is your friend. Remember, you are only conditionally released. If you comply with the conditions, you will be discharged after a certain period. If you fail to do so, you may be returned to court and committed."

To-day, Manxon is still serving his sixth term at Sing Sing, an enemy of the society upon which he will prey for the rest of his life. Madden has long since been discharged from probation and, far from ever relapsing, has forged ahead to a responsible position in the business world. Yet these two committed exactly the same offence, twenty years apart. It has cost the State tens of thousands of dollars to turn Manxon into its sworn foe, while the cost of saving Madden to good citizenship, was exactly twenty-one dollars and ninety-four cents.

The key to this striking contrast lies in one simple word—probation.

What is probation? There exists so general an ignorance in regard to it, that it has even been regarded as a kind of *camouflage* under which offenders with a pull may be freed.

But it is very far from being a shillyshally substitute for imprisonment. Its scope and method defined by the criminal code; and its functions administered by duly sworn officers, selected by competitive examination under the Civil Service laws; probation consists in a suspension of sentence and in a process of character-building, contingent upon the probationer's good behavior. Because it assumes that a first offender is seldom irretrievable or innately vicious, probation intervenes to save him from the prison stigma, to preserve him as a supporter of his dependents, and to insist upon such decencies of living as may restore him to good citizenship.

The widespread misconception of probation is well illustrated by reference to the case of Richard Coyney, who had forged his employer's check for some hundreds of dollars. When the investigating officer called on this employer, just after Coyney's arrest, and mentioned the word probation, that gentleman gruffly announced that he wasn't in sympathy with releasing crooks before their full time was up.

"I think, Mr. O'Grady," suggested the officer, "that you are confusing probation and parole. Parole is the commuting of a prisoner's part-served sentence. Probation means supervising the offender outside of prison entirely." Mr. O'Grady banged on his desk and turned purple in the face. "D'ye mean to say," he demanded, "that *that's* how you're going to treat that young crook? What's the big idea?"

"Well, one idea is that he shall repay your money. He couldn't earn it if he went to prison, while if he's free—"

"He'll beat it away the minnut ye let him out," interrupted Mr. O'Grady, completing the sentence.

"No," said the officer, "for I'm going to see that he gets another job which will make it worth his while to go straight."

"Not on my recommend!" shouted the wronged employer. "Once a crook, always a crook. You'll see!"

But, as Coyney's term of probation lengthened without untoward circumstance, and as instalments of money against his forgery kept arriving in Mr. O'Grady's mail with unbroken regularity, that skeptic began to revise his views of probation. Then, after several years, he received, through the probation officer, a letter from Coyney's

employer — whose business had recently failed—describing Coynely as the most industrious and reliable man he had ever had. And thereupon Mr. O'Grady sent for the ex-probationer.

"Coynely," he said, "I'm proud to give you my hand. You had a hard thing to live down, and you've done it like a man. I'm putting up a factory, and want you as superintendent. And if ever any man has anything to say against probation, let him come to me with it."

Probation originated in Massachusetts in 1878 under a statute which authorized the appointment of an officer to investigate charged or convicted persons, and to recommend suitable cases for oversight outside of prison walls. To-day, similar legislation exists in practically all of our States and in several foreign countries as well. The British Act of 1907 closely resembles New York State's Law of 1901, which permits probation to any reclaimable offender, at the court's discretion—a discretion which excludes only manslaughter, yet on the other hand, limits probation to first and second offenders. The growth of the system, particularly in New York State, has been as striking as its success. Last year, New York's correctional institutions of all classes contained a population of 11,000, while its probationers totalled 15,700. That is, there were 4,700 more convicted persons outside of prison bars than behind them. During 1918, there were in New York City alone, 13,540 convicted persons—unrecognized as such save by a few court officers—attending to their business, supporting their dependents and fulfilling their probationary conditions in terms of money and good conduct. About fifty-eight per cent. of these were cases of disorderly conduct and non-support, while the length of probationary period ranged from a year for the just-named offences to five years in felony cases.

PROBATION is but a further advance in the classifying of offenders. It supplements the selective process whereby a convicted person is committed to a prison, a reformatory, or to a mere protectory, according to his age, offence and past record; and it applies the broad principle that first offenders ought to be given a special opportunity for self-retrieval, free of the adverse influences of a correctional institution. It may be stated at the outset that this "Reformatory without Walls" has overwhelmingly justified its existence. The saying "Once a crook, always a crook" is disproved by the probation records of thousands of incipient criminals who have been rescued from the social scrap heap to become good citizens. The step-by-step process which was responsible for the making of many a crook before the introduction of probation, is well illustrated by Alex Yarrow's story, as that accomplished safe-blower related it to the present writer.

"How does a guy get into the profession of safe-dentistry?" asked Yarrow. "You might as well ask how a man becomes a steeple-jack, or a high diver, or anything else where he take chances for money. It's a safe bet that his boyhood's ambition was to run an ice-cream stand. Me? I wanted to be a tugboat captain, whereas, by the time I was fifteen, I was hanging out with a pool-room gang and shooting craps for a living. There's not one kid in a thousand who'd hunt for his first job unless someone booted him into doing it. And there was my trouble. My father was dead, my mother was given to drink, and so there was no one to boot me out of the pool-room gang and into a job. One day, through playing the ponies, I got into debt with a man, and he threatened to have me pinched, so I stole some lead pipe out of an empty house and sold it. Was I a crook? I was just a scared kid who took a chance to square a debt. It got me a reformatory sentence, and what I first learned inside those four walls about crooks and crookedness, was a-plenty. Well, I came out thinking that the slate was wiped clean, that I'd sidestep the gang and get an honest job. But wherever I asked for work, they looked me up and found I'd done time. That got me sore and, having no other friends, I went back to the old gang, who gave me the first glad hand I'd had since my release. Some of them had learned a trick or two about making easy money, and it wasn't long before three of us were in Dutch for a stick-up on the Bowery. It was Sing Sing for two years, and I came out feeling very different from what I felt when I came out the first time. 'Nobody'll *give* me a chance,' I says, 'so I'll just *take* a chance.' That's been eighteen years ago, and I've been taking 'em ever since."

An officer sending his probationer off to work with a friendly hand-clasp and an encouraging smile

PROBATION'S answer to this common story is that, in contra-distinction to the job-seeking convict, a probationer is always at steady work and hence upon his discharge has no provocation to go wrong a second time. Because the latter labors under no such social prejudice as the ex-convict, it is surprisingly easy for his officer to find him employment. In fact, probation authorities are already looking forward to the establishment of special employment bureaus through which their charges can be put in touch with that most steadying of all things, an honest job. First sentences, such as the one imposed upon Yarrow, were due to an oppressor of work, which made it impossible for a magistrate to do more than hear the evidence and pronounce judgment. But, nowadays, he can remand a case for the probation officer's investigation, which will reveal the culprit's home-conditions and his working-record, together with whatever extenuating circumstances may aid His Honor in deciding between commitment and probation.

What is a probation officer? Be it understood at the outset that he is not a policeman, and that he neither wears brass buttons, swings a club, nor employs the "Come on—yer wanted!" style of conversation. That he is as unofficial in appearance and behavior as the average business man, is indispensable to his success, since he works through persuasive influences rather than through force.

"That longshoreman over there," said an officer to me, as we skirted his riverside district, "was one of my toughest 'assault' cases, yet I'm not even going to glance his way. He's doing splendidly on probation. I've won his confidence, and I don't want his friends hereabouts to think that I'm trailing him. Encouragement goes further than hounding." And, five minutes later, the man came running around the corner after us. "I know you're not looking me up, Mr. Varley," he grinned, "but I saw you passing, and

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I just wanted to shake hands with you and tell you that everything's going fine with me."

It occurred to me that to have an offender under surveillance say that was worth more than the locksteppings obedience of a thousand convicts.

The probation officer must be a detective, a social worker, a diplomat, a father-confessor, and just an ordinary, folksy human being, all in one. His pay is in inverse ratio to his office hours, which are commonly from ten to twelve a day, and he regards his work as a profession, and not as a mere job. Someone has well said that he needs an intelligence that shall not slumber, an earnestness that shall not tire, a patience not to be overcome, and a sympathy that will not suffer itself to be chilled. Above all, he must be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.

"AND where does your mother live in Chicago?" asked a probation officer of an eighteen-year-old boy who had been arrested for "jostling," that is, attempted pickpocketing. "Don't rememoer," mumbled the youth, simulating stupidity. And, in fact, he couldn't remember any data which might have led to the unearthing of former offences. Therefore the officer became friendly and informal.

"What was your favorite study in school, son?" he inquired.

"History," replied the boy. The conversation turned upon Lincoln, and presently the officer asked in what year the great emancipator had died of pneumonia.

"Twasn't pneumonia," quickly returned the other. "He was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April 15, 1865.

"Fine!" exclaimed the officer. "With such a memory as yours, I guess you'll need only a night in the cells before you'll remember where your own mother lives." And thereupon the truth came out—that the boy's home was not in Chicago, but within half an hour's carede of the prison.

New York City's probation work is carried on in part by private organizations such as the Catholic Protective Society, the Jewish Protectory and Aid Society, and the Prison Association. The great bulk of it, however, is handled by civil service officers attached to the Court of Special Sessions and the City Magistrates' Courts. Undoubtedly, the greatest probation clinic in the country is that which functions through the City Magistrates' Courts, under the direction of the Chief Probation Officer, Edwin J. Cooley. Scattered throughout Greater New York, and forming a kind of clearing-house system through which cases not summarily disposed of, are passed up for Grand Jury action, these thirty-one courts handle some 200,000 arraignments a year. This results in the conviction of about 140,000 persons, of whom somewhat less than four per cent. are placed on probation, while the average number of probationers being carried in these courts during a given year, is about ten thousand.

Perhaps the most interesting work being done by the Magistrates' Courts' Probation Service, is that which is found in Greater New York's three Domestic Relations Courts, with their shabby pageants of deserted wives, illegitimate children and bickering couples. The chief charge is failure to support. Formerly, the only procedure with a non-supporting husband was to send him to the workhouse, which meant the cessation of his pay, if not the loss of his job. But nowadays, under probation's methods, he is freed on a bond and returns to work and to the enforced supporting of his family. From 1915 to 1918, the Magistrates' Courts' Probation Service enforced domestic support to the extent of three and a half million dollars, while the number of wives and children dependent in this sense upon New York City's probation officers, is thirty thousand.

The probation officer's abiding aim is to effect the reunion of a separated couple, especially where there are children. Many a genuine reconciliation has been brought about after months of patient effort on his part, while on the other hand he settles trivial differences in short order and with considerable diplomacy. Here, for instance, are Joseph and Amanda Johnson (colored), the former small and bulgy-eyed, the latter Amazonian. As they stand before the bar of justice, Joseph is nursing a bitten ear, while Amanda is making the most of a blackened eye, dimly discernible against her ebony complexion.

"He beat me up, Judge. De neighbors kin testify to hearin' mah wails."

"Huh! Dat was kase she 'sulted mah

(*Above*) Immediately after his arrest, the prisoner is interviewed by the probation officer

(*Left*) This child's father is not under probation, but is imprisoned in Sing Sing

pus'nal appearance. She done call me frawg-eye."

In default of a bond, Joseph went to the workhouse. Later on, the probation officer called upon Amanda, and discovering that the trouble lay in her jealous adoration of her husband, he played upon the reconciliation theme thus: "I saw your husband at the workhouse yesterday, Mrs. Johnson. He's quite well, and says that the food is even better than he got at home." Amanda stirred restively, whereupon the officer added a further bit of fiction: "No, life's not half bad, over there. Occasionally, the male and female prisoners are permitted to walk out, two and two."

"Dey does!" shrieked Amanda. "What right you got to take mah man I'm me? Ah want dat man right, straight back again!" And, needless to say, she got him.

Then there are the complications due to "in-laws" and race-prejudices, as in the case of Joe O'Kelly and Seraphina Orañia, whose ages total almost forty, and who got secretly married when Joe was drafted to Camp Dix. Returning at the time of the Armistice, he was enraged to find that the bride had announced her wifely status without his permission. Due to the influence of his mother, who was furious at his having married an Italian girl, Joe refused to live with Seraphina, whereupon Mrs. Orañia persuaded Seraphina to have Joe arraigned for non-support. The probation officer, who patched up this racial row, had certainly kissed the blarney-stone. "A charmin' little girl, she is, Mrs. O'Kelly," he said, when calling on that irate lady, "and looking not unlike yourself might have looked at her age. 'Tis strange how a loving son will often choose a girl resembling his mother!" While to Mrs. Orañia he described Mrs. O'Kelly's beautiful recovery from the shock of having lost her only son by marriage, "a splendid young chap, ma'am, and only holding off till he's earning enough to start a home fit for such a fine girl as your own." And, in a few weeks, he had got Joe to the point of paying courtship-like calls on the bride. In one breath, he would urge them to "Start your own little home, which is a man's castle!" and, in the next, he would smooth down the parents-in-law by telling the youngsters in their presence, "Always seek counsel of y'r two splendid mothers, whose advice to ye is invaluable." And the final document in the case consists of a tiny, white-ribboned card, recently received by the probation officer, announcing the arrival of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Kelly.

And then there are the drink cases, such as Connolly's. Though he had a fine little wife and two babies, Connolly tippled until the home was a wreck, then he disappeared and led a lodging-house existence for a year, degenerating into the typical Bowery product. One day, the wretched object passed near his old home, for a glance at the children, and thereupon his wife had him arrested for non-support. It was a tattered, drink-sodden creature who appeared in court, yet because the probation-officer saw that Connolly loved his children, he thought there might be a glimmering chance of the man's reformation, and asked for a suspension of the workhouse sentence. Next, he got Connolly put on as an express-handler, and soon the probationer was not only paying $10 a week to the maintenance of his children, but was reporting regularly to his officer in a shaved, washed, neatly dressed condition. After six months, the officer sent for the little wife and suggested a reconciliation. "Never!" said she of the brave, sad face, "I'll never live with him again." After another six months, the officer got Connolly into the habit of sending toys through him to the children, and thereat Mrs. Connolly's eyes grew a trifle moist. And finally, having convinced himself of his probationer's reformation, the officer contrived an apparently accidental meeting between husband and wife, and left them forgiving and forgetting, quite as people do in the final fade-out of a movie-drama.

This man has made good under probation. Judge Brough is giving him his discharge and bidding him good-bye

He spent his time in idling about his old neighborhood, willing to play the returned hero for anyone who would set up the drinks. He couldn't look a steady job in the eye, and soon fell in with a petty confidence-gang whose operations would speedily have landed him in the police-net. Meanwhile his mother—a widow with five small children—had become practically destitute. In despair, she arraigned her boy in the Domestic Relations Court, weeping with shame at her own act. But the probation officer failed to bring the ex-soldier to his senses until, by a happy inspiration, he wrote to the regimental chaplain, asking him to use his influence. "Son," said Father X., when the young man appeared before him, "the last time I saw you, you were being decorated for having cleaned up some Boche machine-gun nests. What are you doing now?" The boy hung his head, and the other went on, "Don't forget that even a veteran can disgrace his regiment, and just as easily at home as on the battlefield. We were always a regiment of fighters, not slackers—and you know what we expect of you."

That was all. The boy flushed and, then marched off, doughboy-like, and captured a trench—a job, I mean—and has never slacked since.

THE results of probation's character-building work become strikingly apparent when you witness a succession of reporting-nights at one of the city courts. Seated at his desk in an anteroom, the officer receives his probationers in turn, chats with each, encourages, advises or warns, and ascertains if the conditions of probation are being adhered to. It is a ninety per cent. reliable axiom that if John Smith, probationer, is working satisfactorily, is supporting his dependents, and is well spoken of by his associates, the said John Smith is behaving himself. And to watch some dirty, unshaven derelict respond, week by week, to decency's mandates, until he appears unfailingly in a laundered and barbered state of presentability, and with eyes that no longer seek the floor when he is addressed, to realize that at heart all men prefer self-respect to degradation.

Here comes Harry Napolitano, of the "tough kid" variety, who was arrested six months back for entering an unlocked tenement in the Jewish quarter, while in search of "me friend, Cohen," as he explained to the Judge. "There are more Cohens than cobblestones in that block," remarked His Honor, dismissing Harry's ingenious excuse. The prisoner was convicted of

OR, again, the arraigned non-supporter may be the son of a dependent parent. Here is the common enough story of a boy who, having returned from France with a splendid record, became utterly irresponsible when freed from army discipline.

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unlawful entry—a polite term for unproved sneak-thieving—and was put on probation for a year. Now he is working on the docks, has $500 in the bank, and expects to open a shoe-shining parlor. "Keep it up, Harry!" comments the probation officer as he glances through the other's saving-bank book. "It's a better life than hanging out with that pool-room gang, yes?" And Harry goes out with a proud smile at having won his officer's praise.

Next comes Alex Kouliopos, who attracted the police department's notice by the uncanny fascination which buildings partly destroyed by fire, seemed to exercise over him. The disappearance from various burned premises of lead-pipe, copper faucets, radiators ("anything short of a safe, Your Honor," commented the testifying officer) resulted in a follow-up of Alex's movements and his conviction for larceny. His fire-chasing game, be it noted, is the novice's A. B. C. of burglary. Since his probationing, Alex has done so well on a legitimate job, that he has saved sufficient money to open a small flower-shop and, as for sneaking inside the fire-lines nowadays, he'd as soon think of enlisting in a smallpox ward. To-night, Alex blushingly stammers out the news that he is "sort of going to get engaged," and wouldn't like his girl to know that he's on probation. "She'll never know it from me, Alex," says the officer, "so long as you go on having your luck." And Alex goes happily back to his florist's shop.

Next comes Bert, a tall, handsome, well-dressed boy, whose associates in the big department-store for which he drives, would be much surprised to learn that only eighteen months ago he was a rough-and-tough-looking individual who loafed in saloon-and-cornerbuildings with his hat tilted over one eye, revolving easy-money schemes. Searching his mother's house on a tip, the police unearthed a fine, young set of burglars' tools and took Bert into custody. "What do you like most, Bert?" asked the probation officer upon taking charge of the case. "Boxing," muttered Bert, "but the old man thinks I'll go into the ring, and says he'll knock my block off if I ever put on the gloves!" But the officer, sizing up this agile youth of so much unexpressed vitality, looked at it in a different light—that of a safety-valve. Since then, working hours of from eight to six, with good pay, are keeping Bert perfectly straight, while his membership in a first-class athletic-club gives him sufficient oppotunity to satisfy his skill with the gloves under amateur conditions, which is all that is necessary to render him perfectly contented.

Three kids of the errand-boy type turn up next, their hair slicked, their faces scrubbed pink, their shoes resplendent, each boy presenting his savings-bank book for inspection. Crap shooting, which led these three losers to recoup by stealing office-supplies and C. O. D. packages, was about to land them in a certain protectory properly known as the Pickpocket's Kindergarten. But the wise officer under whom they are probationed, discovered how to divert their sporting proclivities into useful channels. He persuaded them to open savings accounts, then offered a small monthly prize for the one whose deposits ran highest. They entered into the game with a whoop; the competition is still going strong; and each boy has saved enough to purchase a Liberty Bond. Incidentally, though they don't suspect it, they are being tided over the age of crap-shooting and petty pilfering.

"Well, what do you think of the 'Reformatory without Walls?'" asks the probationer, as he shuts up shop at ten o'clock. And the observer's answer is that, if the public knew more about such work and its results, there would be fewer jailers and more probation officers.

Yet the probation officer has his difficult cases, the pickpocket, for instance, is rarely reformable. He regards himself as no mere criminal but as a gifted artist. He is inordinately proud of his skill, and when at old age it deserts him, he grieves like a superannuated actor. Another difficult type is the tough kid of normal intelligence, who plays truant because he cannot get beyond Grade 5-B, who is a natural slacker, who finds shooting crap and pool easier sources of income than work, and who is at last abandoned by his family, to become a sneak-thief or a drug-runner. Of the 13,500 offenders placed on probation in Greater New York in 1918, about four and one-half per cent. were re-arrested for violating the conditions imposed upon them by their officers. Of the 10,681 offenders who were carried by the Magistrates' Courts' Probation Service in the same year, about fifteen per cent. failed to make good. They absconded, or were jailed for violations, or showed no improvement in their habits. Yet any corrective system which can show good results in so high a proportion as eighty-five per cent. of its cases, must arrest attention.

On the other hand, what are the results of imprisonment? On June 30, 1918, Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton prisons held a total of 3,680 convicts, of whom 1,841 were serving either their second, third or fourth terms. During that year these three prisons received 2,791 convicts, of whom 1,108 were other than first-termers. That is to say, about one half of all these men had repeated their offenses anywhere from one to three times after having been released from their first imprisonment. They were still willing to take a chance, though in doing so they were facing the possibility of an average determinate sentence of about six years, or an indeterminate sentence which ranged from five to nine years.

It is a far cry from probation to Bloody Justice Jeffrey, of seventeenth-century days, when the theft of a loaf of bread was just one of 223 hanging offenses. Imagine Jeffrey's surprise, could he have glanced into New York State last year, to see almost sixteen thousand convicted persons going peaceably about their business, while working out the terms of their probation! Yet because the great majority of them never relapse, our communities are just as safe as they were in the days of indiscriminate jailing. According to Edwin J. Cooley, chief of the Magistrates' Courts' Probation Service, investigations ranging from three to five years after probationers' discharges, reveal that seventy per cent. of them make good. The statement is as striking as the reason is simple—that the lawbreaker usually commits his first grave offence during his teens or his early twenties, when his character is still influenceable towards reformation, probation's "second chance," which, as he well knows, is all that stands between him and prison bars. This influenceability is recognized by the courts of Buffalo, New York, for example, to the extent of their probationing as high as forty-seven per cent of all convicted persons.

The writer recently attended a night-session, held in the New York Criminal Courts Building, for the discharge of probationers. Surveying the crowd of neatly dressed, business-like young men who occupied the court-room benches, one would scarcely have believed that they had ever been law-breakers or social derelicts. Yet they had been convicted of grave offences against persons and property, and had all but crossed the penitentiary's threshold. Presently, they were summoned into the Judge's chambers, where they lined up before his document-strewn desk.

"Men," said his Honor, "though tonight you are going out free, you are charged with a heavy responsibility—that of leading honest and useful lives which will reflect credit upon yourselves and upon the probation service. Your officers' reports indicate steady employment and good habits. One of you, who has lost both parents during his probation term, has become breadwinner and family-head for his younger brothers and sisters. Several of you will soon be married, having waited through two years of probationary surveillance until you would be free men. Another of you is being conditionally discharged so that he may fill an important position in another city. I discharge you. But, remember, probation means only a second chance, and should any one of you ever offend again, unquestionably he will be put behind bars. Be decent citizens, remembering for the rest of your lives this lesson that you have had."

Sober-faced, his hearers filed forth: exchanged Good-bye hand-shakes with their officers; then issued into the lamplit street—free men!

"Boys," said one of them, "we'd all have been in bad if it hadn't been for probation. Let's agree that whenever anyone of us sees some young fellow beginning to get in wrong, we'll help him to help himself out of it, as probation has helped us."

"Sure!" came the resounding chorus. And they all shook hands upon the promise, like men who meant it.

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A new idea in relief work! The Red Cross has placed boxes containing emergency outfits on the motor sign-posts in California. (Above) Members of the Junior Red Cross making the metal boxes that are used for the roadside first aid kits

THE NEW SAMARITAN

By Robert W. Weekes

SOUTHERN California's highways, famous for their smoothness and their system of sign-post road directions are now marked by a new feature, the brilliant symbol of the American Red Cross showing plainly above first aid kits for those injured in accidents.

Nearly a score of Red Cross Chapters in the foot-hill cities of Southern California have chosen highway intersections and dangerous stretches of roadway where, in the past, accidents have most frequently occured, as locations for the equipment offering first aid to motorists. "If accidents must happen," said the Red Cross, "let's be prepared to render service when it is needed."

The roadside first aid movement was launched early this year by the Pasadena chapter of the American Red Cross, when it secured the cooperation of other chapters in the plan. Children of the Junior Red Cross in the mechanical shops in the Pasadena schools manufactured, out of sheet iron, attractive boxes to hold and protect the Red Cross first aid kits from the weather. Models of these boxes were sent to other chapters and the Juniors set to work in the school shops manufacturing similar boxes.

Originally it was the intention of the Pasadena chapter to install the boxes at service stations or on buildings close to the roadside. Several days, however, before the date set for the installation of the boxes, officials of the Automobile Club of Southern California heard of the plan and asked the Red Cross to postpone the setting up of its first equipment until after the officials of the two organizations could meet in a conference.

The Automobile Club of Southern California is the largest organization of its kind in the world, its sign-post system extends beyond the boulevards, into the deserts and into other states. Road directions, dangerous spots, curves, crossings and scenic points all are designated by the large enameled signs. It was natural that the Automobile Club should be interested in the experiment of providing first aid service for motorists.

As a result of the meeting with the Automobile Club officials, the Pasadena chapter completely revised its plan for installing the kits. The club had offered to erect sign-posts and enameled signs, bearing a large red cross, as markers for the locations of the first aid kits. They agreed to send their service cars out on daily inspections of the kits and to supply refills in the kits if the first aid materials were supplied by the chapters.

On a day in June, in all the cities where chapters were entering the movement, appropriate ceremonies were held. Red Cross, city and Automobile Club officials, Boy Scouts and Chamber of Commerce men participated in brief programs. By nightfall of the same day, nearly a hundred of these boxes were in service, and newspapers throughout the state carried accounts of the novel experiment.

The kits contain complete first aid outfits with (*Continued on Page 70*)

The French Committee bought a consignment of donkeys and sold them at a very low price in the devastated area of France. This picture shows a Frenchwoman with her donkey cart at work in the town of Noyen

The March of the Red Cross

GLIMPSES from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

From there you can See—

Workrooms all over the United States

Salvage Shops in California

Industrial Towns in Pennsylvania

A New Problem in Poland

IN a meeting held in one of the Red Cross chapters in Delaware recently, a Red Cross field worker, after explaining the pressing need for immediate work in making layettes and other garments for use in Europe, asked if there was any woman in the chapter who would devote herself once more to the chapter production job.

No sooner had she spoken than a woman arose in the back of the room and said: "Here is one woman who will!"

Before the Red Cross worker could respond, almost every woman in the room had volunteered and the entire gathering united in offering their services. Chapter production was begun at once.

In city after city and town after town recently this same scene has been repeated and repeated. In Denver, Colorado, old storerooms more or less unnoticed since the end of the war have once more been re-opened and from the chapters, in the surrounding country, boxes of garments are coming in to be re-packed and shipped to Europe; along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts chapter after chapter has been steadily increasing its output; while many an inland town has seen its Red Cross workroom fill again with workers in the hot weather who are making the clothes which have been called for to make life endurable for the little ones in the desolate stretches of Eastern Europe.

There went out from the Southeastern Pennsylvania chapter, the other day, a shipment of over seven thousand garments to help meet the needs of these unfortunate little people. Nearly all were garments for babies and young children. Eighteen large packing cases were required to hold the shipment which included, beside the babies' things, hand-knitted sweaters, stockings, mufflers and undergarments. All of them were made by the Red Cross women of Philadelphia and the adjoining counties, bringing the total of garments made by the Red Cross in that city up to eighteen thousand for the last nine months.

Nor is this true of Philadelphia alone. In cities too numerous to mention, the same spirit and achievement has shown itself these past few weeks, wherever the women who have been the mainspring of Red Cross production from the beginning have been shown the real vital need for more garments. Although in many of the chapters, in smaller places, the sewing rooms have been closed for some time and the old units scattered, this has not daunted the spirit of the workers in the least. Physical difficulties apparently have only made them the more determined to obey this new call and, in many

At Reval, in Esthonia, the Red Cross distributed fourteen hundred suits of clothing to the ragged refugees

towns, the Red Cross is on a hunt for new workrooms and sewing quarters. If the chapters keep up the work as they have begun it, the great need for children's garments in Europe this coming winter will be well filled.

The Salvage and Shop Idea

Production of children's garments for Europe, indeed, and the great extension of the salvage and shop idea have been two of the outstanding features of Red Cross achievement during the past month. Particularly far flung has been the advance of the salvage idea. In division after division, shops are being started on the plans made in Washington. Everywhere chapters and delegates have taken the matter up and begun to put the plan in action.

The latest place to report signal success after long effort has been Fresno, California. In that enterprising town, a special community campaign was carried on. The local Red Cross enlisted the co-operation of the American Legion, the local merchants and clubs; one of the theatre managers was appointed chairman of the drive; the Fire Department gave its stations for salvage depots and the firemen themselves drove salvage trucks.

The week before the campaign began, folders were sent out to thousands of people in Fresno enclosing a Red Cross Salvage Tag to be hung up in the window of the house if the owner had anything to give. These folders showed by means of little drawings and financial tables just what sort of things were wanted and the purposes for which the Red Cross proposed to spend the salvage money. In addition, they showed how much money had been collected in this way in the past and what had been done with it.

The result of all this careful preparation was amazing. Once Fresno got the idea that this drive

A little Albanian practising the setting-up exercises he learned at the Child Welfare Clinic of the American Red Cross. It is good to see an occasional display of physical enthusiasm among the suffering children of Europe

From thirty to forty children a day are dying of starvation at Dvinsk, in Lettland. Twelve thousand children are now being fed there by the Red Cross. The children of the rich and poor alike depend upon us

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An exhibit of first aid work arranged for the meeting of the American Medical Association held at New Orleans last April

Members of the Junior Red Cross in Public School No. 64 of New York City making toys for some of the sad little children in Europe

was not a drive for money, but a call for thing: that people no longer wanted, a real, practical scheme of conservation; neighborhood vied with neighborhood to see which would hang up the Salvage Tag first, which would lead in the amount of material donated and the amount of assistance given. The old, discarded shoes, the suit that was out-of-date, the pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac which slept in the cellar or attic, the old papers and magazines stacked high under the eaves or next to the coal bin—from all over the city and the outlying districts, the junk came and was piled in a big enclosure in the court house square.

And, once it got started, the collection grew at a surprising rate—it contained everything from clocks to auto tires, from baby rattles to bedroom sets. Nor was a moment lost by the enterprising committee. They began at once to sell the things to eager customers, some of them with their own junk in their hands! The auto tires went first—and then the deluge! All kinds of people bought all sorts of things. And every sale registered a clear profit for the Red Cross.

As a result, the Fresno chapter to-day has sufficient salvage to keep their Red Cross shop going for over a year, and a sufficient amount of cash is on hand to finance the Red Cross work for many months to come. The day nursery, the city clinic, the milk fund and the civilian relief work—all will go on without drawing a cent from the Red Cross treasury! Here is a worthwhile addition to the Red Cross peace time program.

An Important Announcement to Subscribers will be found on Page Five

The Progress of the Peace Time Program

Few people to-day, however, realize the extent to which the knowledge of what the Red Cross is doing in peace time is beginning to penetrate the consciousness of people everywhere. In industrial cities, in rural districts, in factory towns and back country counties, the public health nurse is spreading knowledge of it along with her own work, as she goes from place to place in her Ford automobile; instructors in home hygiene and dietetics are preaching the Red Cross doctrine in a thousand towns; and in university after university and school after school the workers who will follow in their footsteps are being trained. Scholarships are being established, summer schools entering the field, and everywhere an earnest effort is being made to educate America in regard to the underlying fundamental facts of the peace time program, even to the extent of holding exhibits at all the great county and State fairs of the nation from Maine to Oregon.

Most encouraging, too, are the signs of the sympathetic interest which people everywhere are exhibiting in support of this great new effort. An incident in western New York, in Erie county, the other day, illustrates vividly that sympathy. In a week's time, merely by putting up a notice to passing motorists, the Red Cross workers in a small village where a windstorm had done terrible damage, collected over eight thousand dollars to aid in the work of relief! Eight thousand dollars from passing motorists! Such is the value of the Red Cross symbol.

The Disaster in Poland

Only in the foreign field of effort, does progress seem doubtful and

(*Left*) On the relief ship "Sengammon." Lieut. L. M. Foster with some of his band of lost children from Novorossisk in South Russia

(*Below*) Members of the Volunteer Army on guard at one of the warehouses of the American Red Cross in the Crimea. The medical and hospital supplies are guarded both night and day

the future uncertain.

There, with the exception of the work of withdrawal in the Balkans and the forty-three projects of the Junior Red Cross in various countries, the Bolshevik menace threatens to undo much that the Red Cross has accomplished in helping Eastern Europe fight typhus and relieve her wretched thousands of refugees. At this writing, the battle for Warsaw and the independence of Poland is still being desperately waged and the work which the Red Cross societies must still do in Poland has been multiplied a good hundred times by the disasters which the Polish army has suffered and the consequent breaking down of the typhus barriers and the new thousands of refugees which the terrible results are producing.

In the face of imminent defeat, however, the Red Cross workers in Warsaw and the surrounding cities are still battling bravely on. Provisional headquarters have been established at Cracow and all preparations made to transport there, immediately upon the approach of danger, the fifty Red Cross nurses and workers still in Warsaw. Relief centres are being established on trains and everything possible is being done to assist Poland to feed and care for her wounded and those of her refugees who are once more on the road after all the weary years since nineteen-fourteen.

Special relief trains have been stationed at points near junctions in the vicinity

(*Continued on P. 73.*)

Salvage and shop work—called conservation work in the East—is not confined to any particular locality any more. This is the salvage shop of the Bronx County Chapter. It is one of the best in the Atlantic Division

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true stories of people and things that

park and, at night, when hundreds of thousands of lights twinkle from the harbor shipping and the great city across the waters, the scene is like a glimpse of fairyland.

The most prominent feature of Hero Park is a gigantic granite boulder, which is known as Sugar Loaf Rock. This boulder was lodged where it now stands during the glacial period. From the time the first family went to live on Staten Island, the land surrounding the boulder has been the playground of the neighborhood's children. A bronze tablet set in one side of the granite bears the names of the one hundred and forty-four dead service men; another tablet bears the inscription:

"This Hero Park and Memorial is lovingly dedicated to the memory of the splendid sons of Staten Island who so nobly gave their lives in the World War 1917–1918."

Still another tablet reads:

"This granite boulder, left here during the glacial period, has been known for generations as Sugar Loaf Rock, and marks the boyhood playground of many of the men whose gallant deeds it now commemorates."

Nature has provided many of the trees which adorn the park, but Dr. and Mrs. Dreyfus conceived the pretty sentiment of having additional trees planted, one for each of the one hundred and forty-four dead heroes. Beneath each of the memorial trees rests a bronze tablet inscribed with the name, place of death and age of him whose memory the tree perpetuates. A small American flag floats above each tablet.

On a small boulder at each of the four entrances has been affixed a bronze plate inscribed:

"This park is a public sanctuary entrusted to the guardianship of the people."

HERO PARK

By A. E. Baermann

"THE largest and most superb memorial to our soldier dead of the World War that has been given to the public by private donation anywhere in the world," is Hero Park, on Staten Island, New York, which was dedicated to public use on Memorial Day. The quotation is from the speech of William G. Willcox, superintendent of New York's public schools, during the exercises held when Dr. and Mrs. Louis A. Dreyfus, donors of the park, relinquished its ownership to New York City.

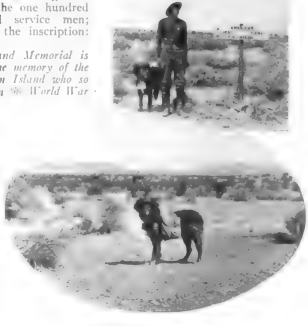
Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus had no son to send to the war, but they gave Hero Park as a sanctuary for the parents, relatives and friends of the one hundred and forty-four Staten Island young men who died in their country's service.

The Park is located in a section of Staten Island noted for its natural beauty. The cities and mountains of New Jersey, the Kill van Kull, New York Bay, the skyline of lower Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bay Ridge, and Coney Island may all be seen from the

PARTNERS IN LIFE SAVING

By Allan F. McIntyre

ROUNDING out his days amid surroundings conducive to the utmost dog comfort, good old Rufus Beck is rapidly approaching that final great adventure that must come to dogs as well as men. Rufus has a record that any man might be proud of and one that not one man in many millions can equal, in life saving. He is a hero of the desert!



Mr. Lou Westcott Beck and his faithful dog Rufus, who together have traveled miles through the desert, guiding and rescuing wanderers

IN THE MAKING

will strengthen your faith in your country

For many years, he accompanied his owner, Mr. Lou Wescott Beck, on many a weary journey "over the hot sands," which, in the case of Rufus, was no joke or catch phrase.

Beck and his dog traveled the deserts of Arizona and California for years; they were real partners. Their work was to rescue wanderers and others, who had lost their way in the trackless wastes; set up sign-posts giving directions, distances, and so forth, to water holes, wells, "tanks," camps and roads. Beck devoted his life to this work through gratitude for having been saved from death on the desert himself. But that is another story. Rufus would make wide side trips of his own, while Beck was at work setting up posts, painting signs on rocks, and carrying on his self-appointed tasks, and thus was the means of succoring many a poor prospector who would otherwise have perished. Rufus is known to have saved thirty-three lives by these trips of his own and there may have been others. Beck and Rufus together are credited with saving over three hundred lives in the twelve years they worked together.

Beck passed on in 1917 and Rufus mourned his death, seeming heartbroken. He has never been the same in his actions since and apparently takes no interest in life, but still lingers on, though over seventeen years old, half blind, deaf, and very shaky on his legs. On the desert, Rufus carried saddle-bags and a small neck bag containing medicines. The shoes he wore were a necessary protection from the heat of the burning sands.

Rufus was born in Alaska and is part Siberian bloodhound and part St. Bernard. He surely has a great part of that wonderful "dog sense" that no man knoweth. Rufus and Beck were pioneers in the work of making the desert trails that the Government is now having done by the Geological Survey Department. Rufus is an honorary member of the Boy Scouts of America at Chicago, where he once went on tour with Beck. He is now living with Dr. Agnew, a veterinarian, a friend of Beck and Rufus for many years, at his small animal sanitarium in Pasadena, California. Some day, not many months away, there will be a long procession in Pasadena, for Rufus is known to hundreds—both children and grown ups—and everybody loves him.

THE COLOR GUARD

By Mary A. Holt

An attempt to place the ideals of right conduct and patriotism side by side in the minds and hearts of the children has met with wonderful success in the Phoebus Graded School of Phoebus, Virginia. This has been done by instituting in the school an honorary department known as the Color Guard. The members of this department have complete charge of raising the flag in the morning and lowering it in the afternoon; for on every school day the United States flag flies from the staff on top of the building until the school is closed in the afternoon.

At the beginning of each month the teacher of each class appointed two new members of the Color Guard, one boy and one girl. These were on active duty for that month. Those boys and girls were chosen who were making the greatest effort in their conduct to live up to the real American boy's or the real American girl's highest standard of deportment. Of course, this required careful selection on the part of the individual teacher. Sometimes there would be several, perhaps, whose deportment deserved the appointment and, in that event, the teacher usually permitted the other pupils to choose by secret ballot. Being the choice of their classmates also added value to the pupil's appreciation of Color Guard membership.

After the appointment, the new members of the Color Guard reported to the office of the principal of the school and there received the badge of membership. With a few appropriate remarks of congratulation, the principal reminded them of what the Color Guard stood for in the eyes of the school and the community, and then pinned on each pupil a few inches of red, white and blue ribbon with a very simple flag button. From seven to sixteen years ranged the ages of the Color Guard, but each one, boy and girl, big and little, received this simple ceremony in a spirit of dignity and reverence.

The Color Guard saluting the flag. In the photograph above can be seen the rest of the school children standing at attention during the daily ceremony

Each morning, thereafter, these new members would line up in front of the school, and raise the flag, while the whole school, assembled in the yard, repeated the Flag Salute, ending *"I give my head, my heart and my hand to God and my country, one country, one language, one flag."* Then the Color Guard would lead the school in. In the afternoon, the Color Guard would assemble in the hall, march out, stand at attention as some of its members lowered the flag, and then lead the school out of the yard.

Each month there were usually twenty new

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members appointed on this Color Guard. That made throughout the session about one hundred and twenty pupils receiving this honor. With one exception, the pupils who attained the Color Guard membership seemed to try their best to stand for the highest kind of American conduct.

Just on the surface, it may seem but a spot of color in the usual school routine to attract the attention of the children and teach them a little about the respect due the flag. Those who instituted it feel that it has accomplished that and more. They believe that every member of the Color Guard, every child in the school, and perhaps every member of the community has at least been set to thinking about what constitutes honoring one's country. They believe it is perhaps a pebble thrown in the current of public opinion, a pebble tiny indeed, but nevertheless a pebble which will do its part in forming the great towering wave sweeping onward to make of America what it should be.

ONE CITY SOLVES ITS HOUSING PROBLEM

By Margaret Sanborn

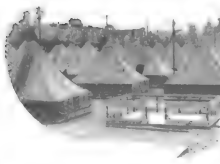
RENT profiteering, evictions and homeless families are certainly not part of a better America. In fact, they cast a slurring shadow on our cities. But the people of our country are trying valiantly to meet these problems; and there is one city that has solved them in a unique, picturesque, and quite satisfactory manner. That is Newark, New Jersey.

Newark's answer to the housing question is a tent city. The idea was Mayor Gillen's. He, it was, who first thought of bringing together the army tents that the Government could no longer use for the men and women and children who were being evicted from their dwellings and had no roof over their heads. And though the practical working out of the plan is under Thomas W. Reilly, of the Board of Education, and the placing of the tenants in charge of the Rent Profiteering Committee, the Mayor is general overseer of this tent city within his city.

OLD AND NEW

The rural mail truck is gradually supplanting the horse and wagon. By means of it the farmer can ship his produce quickly and cheaply to market

The tent city looks just as you would expect it to look: neat rows of khaki-colored tents, laid out in true army camp style, with the grass paths between them labeled grandly, "First Street," "Second Street." They are large, these tents. If you peek in as you walk by, you would be surprised at the furniture within, the cots and beds, the tables and chairs, and all the household goods smuggled within the canvas walls. In the center of the "city" is a big tent, the community kitchen, furnished with gas ovens and burners, where the women cook their meals. On the edge of the playground is a grandstand. The Board of Education has a moving picture machine at the "tent city," and a projection screen in front of the grand stand for movies on Saturday nights. Under the grandstand have been constructed large lavatories with shower baths. The tents are all lighted with electricity. For this work, the city of Newark appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars.



Newark's Tent City has not only helped families out of housing difficulties, but has given the children a summer of sunshine and fresh air. They have a playground right in their own backyard

But what impresses you most, as you walk around among the tents, is the children. It is almost a city of children! There they are, of all sizes and ages, bobbing out of tents, hovering around the kitchen, shrieking from the shower baths and swinging in the playground swings.

When I was out at the tent city, some of the tents were still unoccupied; but of the seventy people who composed the thirteen families housed there, between fifty and sixty were children. It is a great thing for them. Most of them have come from crowded, dark city quarters. Here they have sunshine, light, fresh air, and they are growing fat and healthy.

Only people who live in Newark and who have been evicted are eligible for a tent, and it is through the Rent Profiteering Committee that the tents are secured. Every family is carefully looked up by the Board of Health, and their surroundings and the reasons for eviction investigated. Newark wishes to give the advantages only to those who are really in need, and who, besides, would make desirable citizens.

Eight dollars a month is the rent of a tent and, for that amount, the family has electricity, hot and cold water and often more conveniences and certainly more fresh air than many of them have ever had.

"It's supposed to be a temporary arrangement," said the officer of the Health Department who has direct supervision over the tent city, "But it's my opinion that they aren't looking very hard for other quarters. I guess that most of them would like to stay the summer."

Original from

RURAL DEMOCRACY WORKING

By Elizabeth Alling

PITCHIN, on the map, is one of four and a half "towns" in Greene township, Clark County, Ohio. Pitchin, in the Atlas, numbers 121. But Pitchin on the Friday night of its regular community club meeting numbered almost three hundred. Being a visitor I wondered where all those people came from. A man from Springfield responded to my question, "That's what I've been asking. Y'see I don't live here myself. I came out to-night because I've got two sons interested in this club."

A quartette of Jubilee singers had come in just after I did and were taking their places on the platform. A man beside me pointed out Mr. Agne when he entered. "Oh, no, he doesn't run our club! We have our own officers and we run it, but you see Mr. Agne is county organizer, I guess they call it. He helped us start it and he shows us how."

Mr. Agne spoke to some men at the front of the room—the officers, I guessed—and took a seat in the audience. The stage was set; evidently something was about to happen.

The president rose. He was Erasmus Kitchen, a farmer, my neighbors told me. The thing that happened was a business meeting. It proceeded with a home-grown sort of naturalness and alacrity. For a time, we forgot the colored singers on the platform.

The president called for reports. The Improvement Committee added three names to its list of members. A committee that had been appointed to find how many women would be interested in a course in home nursing reported thirty-two. Someone said that plans for the county band were progressing. The organization of a Boy Scout troop was discussed. The chairman of the Athletic Committee announced that the boys were ready to enter the county baseball league. He said that the reports he'd heard from other communities showed that they were just as confident of cleaning everybody up as they were in Pitchin. "We didn't make any boasts," he said, but we thought we'd show them!"

WAITING FOR THE DENTIST

Shelby County, Tennessee, has a dental ambulance that tours the countryside, visiting regularly every school in the county

Somehow I felt that the chances were bad for those other communities.

The president announced that a new library had come" that night, and the secretary read the list, which began with a book on farming, ended with a story, and included Riley's "Songs of Friendship," "Frolics for All Occasions," "The Boy Scout Handbook," "The Day of the Country Church," "Ivanhoe" and "Vanity Fair," "Red Pepper's Patients" and "Laddie."

Now and then throughout the meeting, a question of information was referred to Mr. Agne. I saw what my neighbor had meant when he said, "He shows us how."

When he closed the business meeting, the president introduced the Jubilee singers from Macon, Georgia.

You can't fully enjoy anything jolly and rollicking like hearing colored singers in "Roll Jordan Roll," or "The Animals Came Into the Ark Two by Two," without looking around to see how other people are liking it. By the time the last number came—too soon to suit most of us—I no longer felt as though I were a stranger to those people around me, "That's what has been happening," one of the women told me, "we've been getting better acquainted. And Doctor Minor said if we got together like this there wasn't anything we couldn't do!"

The next day, in Mr. Agne's office, I made visits to the other sixteen community clubs in Clark county. We went over a county map, township by township, and I heard the stories of their clubs.

During the war, those who had had the work to do for the War Chest and the Liberty Loans had realized that the small towns had no all-inclusive organizations through which their committees, or the communities themselves, could get things done. After consideration, the county chapter of the Red Cross decided to employ a recreational leader to promote community gatherings. Through one of those roundabout processes which are often "the shortest way home," they were brought into touch with an Ohio man who had grown up in a community not unlike those in Clark county, graduated from an Ohio college, took postgraduate work in Eastern institutes, assisted the president of his alma mater in field campaigns and in recruiting students, and had later established and directed a community center in a New York City immigrant colony.

Royal Clyde Agne came to the county in October, 1919, not as a playground leader, as at first planned, but as "Rural Community Organizer" of the county Red Cross chapter and representing the Rural Service of the Red Cross.

The clubs he has been instrumental in organizing have not come all at once but have been "steered" by committees of local people. They differ as the communities themselves differ. In some, there is an established membership fee—twenty-five cents, I remember, in three. In others, "they have not got to that" and occasional collections pay expenses.

Rural democracy is working in Clifton, Ohio. The school children used to play with hitching posts. Now they have real slides and see-saws.

(*Right*) The old jail which is to be Clifton's Community House

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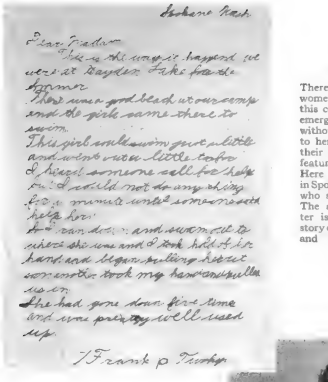


Spokane Wash.

Dear Father

This is the way it happend we were at Hayden Lake beside Agnew.

There was a good beach at our camp and the girls came there to swim.

This girl could swim quite a little and was out a little too far I heard someone call for help but could not do any thing for a minute until someone else help her.

I ran down and swam out to where she was and took hold of her hand and began pulling her out another took my hand and pulled us in.

She had gone down five time and was pretty well used up.

Frank P Tuttle

HEROES

There are many men, women and children in this country who, when emergency offers, rise without thought or effort to heroism. And often their exploits are unfeatured and unsung. Here is a little boy out in Spokane, Washington, who saved a girl's life. The accompanying letter is his own modest story of how it happened, and speaks for itself

They meet, monthly, in the most suitable community building available—a hall, a schoolhouse, or a church. All but two of the presidents are men. Any doubt of the ability of farm people to run such clubs would be removed if you could hear the way Mr. Agne points out one and another of these officers as "live wires."

There is something of an entertainment nature in each of the community club meetings. Mr. Agne has found an amount of good talent in Springfield that would astonish you. Some he brings from a greater distance. He has enough scheduled, he says, to run all next year. He took to one community the first moving pictures some of the younger people had seen. The programs have included, besides pictures and music, readings, travelogues, mock trials, lectures and plays. The latter two, as well as the community sings, are home talent productions which make up the program once a month or so. He has arranged entertainments at the County Children's Home, County Infirmary, and at the Tuberculosis Sanitarium. He spoke of a big county picnic planned for this summer.

Mr. Agne emphasizes health. "Laugh and be well," he says. Base ball teams in ten communities have a season's schedule that guarantees "something doing" in an athletic way. At one of the opening games over one hundred automobiles were parked about the baseball diamond—this on a Friday afternoon. Some of the players were "old-timers," who had not thrown a ball for five years, but they make up in pep what they lack in practice. One hundred and thirteen boys are enrolled in Boy Scout troops, the Y. W. C. A. in Springfield is lending a worker to help to organize and conduct girls' clubs.

But the community clubs have civic programs too. In connection with one, a night school was conducted this winter. Two communities are interested in removing dangerous grade crossings over which children are obliged to pass in going to school—the one by shortening a road; the other by building a viaduct. In another community, the jail has just been turned over to the community club to be equipped as a community building.

After trying for fifteen years, intermittently and by small groups, to get street lights, the people of Plattsburg, some two hundred in number, have a village lighted by a Delco plant, because Mr. Agne told them that one could be secured in village proportions as well as, and relatively cheaper than, for individual houses.

The same village had a railroad on which the farmers shipped their wheat and live stock, and by which the villagers went frequently to Springfield to trade. The train schedule provided only two hours in Springfield between trains. This was unsatisfactory, but the passenger business was relatively small as compared with freight, and, despite dissatisfaction, no change was made until the Plattsburg Community Club took the matter up with the Division Superintendent of the railroad.

Since this Superintendent found that there were some four hundred and twenty-five members (farmers as well as villagers) behind the request, and since a good friend of his in Springfield told him, when he asked what this club was—"Well, Bill, if the Plattsburg Community Club asks you to stop another train, you'd better do it if you can!"—he has stopped the evening train at Plattsburg.

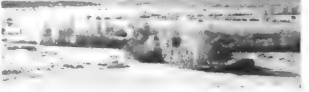
Furthermore, all of these clubs have recently federated so that there is now the same encouragement to each community that the separate clubs afford to individual members and groups—that of knowing that there is an organization back of them, larger than they are, working on problems similar to their own.

I visited Clark county, intending to remember that I was from Summit county and that what they were doing might be well enough for them, but that our county was "different." But I found their program was elastic and, providing there are people to start it, providing we could obtain the service of someone capable of "showing us how," and providing we would pay to get it, I cannot see why the Clark county plan is not all right for us, too, and for other counties that need to "Laugh and be well!"—that need the message of Pitch-in.

An Important Announcement to Subscribers will be found on page five of this Number

TOWN PLANNING

Towns do not grow helter-skelter these days. This is the site of Dawson, Colorado, which is being laid out by experts



Original from

A group of foreign-born women studying English under the kindly direction of a visiting teacher

IN LINCOLN'S HOME TOWN

How Springfield Conducts the Work of Americanization

By Grace Humphrey

IF Abraham Lincoln could come back to our town he'd find many, many things to surprise him—how we've grown since he left Springfield, that snowy night in February of '61, how we've beautified ourselves with splendid parks and fine public buildings! But walking down Eighth Street to his old home, he'd be most astonished at the people he'd meet.

Springfield has always had a mixed population. Men from Virginia and Kentucky, sturdy New Englanders, negroes, some French left from La Salle's colony—these were the folks Lincoln knew in our town. And their descendants are there still. But there are newcomers, too—men from many nations who have drifted in so gradually that the old residents fail to recognize their new neighbors, fail to realize that their presence makes many a new problem for the community, and live on in the old exclusive way.

About a year ago, however, Springfield became interested in Americanization. It may have been because this is one of the fine fruits of the war; it's in the air everywhere and filtered through to Springfield. Part of this interest may have been due to frequent requests from Washington sent out by the War or Labor Departments, or by the Council of Defense, for Americanization touches life at many points. But the largest part was due to a little group of men and women. Working harmoniously for months, we never organized into a committee, with president or chairman. We simply talked things over and set to work.

We were all at sea as to what to do and how to do it and where to begin. What was our problem? How many foreign-born were there in Springfield? Where did they live? To what nationalities did they belong? None of us could answer, save in the vaguest way—near the mines, on the outskirts of the town, one group near the hospital, another not far from that little mission church. No one knew exactly.

The Board of Education, some one suggested, has a card catalogue of all the school children, and along with other information the father's nationality is given. Let's start with that. Groups of high school girls helped to make this survey and soon we had a card catalogue of our own, showing Springfield's foreign-born families. Our problem was plain—one Turkish family, two Greek and two Spanish, three Bohemian, and so on up to a hundred and fifty Italian, two hundred and sixty-one German, and three hundred and thirty Russian. But Russian, we discovered, was a bushel basket for any child who wasn't sure. How list a family where the four boys said the father was German, Polish, Lithuanian and European? Our total was thirty-two nationalities and a thousand four hundred and twenty-five families!

If we counted six to a family, what a foreign-born population we had, in Lincoln's home town that had always described itself as so distinctly American. Well, it was our task, the great task remaining before us, to begin to make it American, to establish an under-

Original from

A young Russian went to the library and asked for a book on citizenship. He wanted to become a citizen on account of his children. The librarian put him in touch with a volunteer teacher who wrote out the simplest of citizenship lessons, giving him just the help he needed

The more personal you make Americanization work, the more you accomplish. What is needed is friendliness and a helping hand

standing and a good-will between native-born and foreign-born that would help to create security and unity for the future.

For working purposes, there's nothing more efficient than a card catalogue. But to convince people you must have something more striking. So the high school girls made us a series of maps showing the seventeen school neighborhoods of Springfield; and below each map they drew a great circle and colored its segments to show the different nationalities living there.

At a glance we saw that our foreign-born were scattered through every section of the town—just as immigrants are scattered through every State until Americanization has become a problem touching all America. Our ten Danish families lived in eight school neighborhoods, our thirty-two French in thirteen districts. Austrians and Italians lived in all but one and the Russians were everywhere! Where was the need greatest? If one school had two hundred and thirty families, that section of our town must have English classes. The school with only twenty-four could wait.

Meanwhile, one young woman in our group went to Chicago and visited some of the factory classes conducted by the Board of Education and the Association of Commerce. She came back enthusiastic over the work and eager to try the same scheme in Springfield. Send a teacher, not to the schools, but to the different factories, at noon or at the end of the day's work. No trouble about getting pupils, they're already there! No dressing up! No effort to go at night!

But—our Chamber of Commerce told us their war census showed that we had no foreigners in our factories.

Well then, we'll send a teacher to the mines.

But if the factory answer was "No," the reply from the mines was, "NO! NO!" And it came from the foreigners themselves! The very first miner who was approached threw cold water over our plan, and all the others agreed with him. "We come up at different hours," they said, "and at different places. To stay for the English class would keep the men hanging around, and they hate the mine, they want to go home the minute they're through. Then you see, we don't wash at the mine, we go home to scrub up."

"Well, what plan would work out? Would they really like an English class?

"Yes," said a Hungarian enthusiastically, "we'd like it if it could be just what we want and where and when."

"And that is—?"

"At the new schoolhouse. Miss. At seven o'clock. And the teacher teaching what we want to know, not the primers our children read out of!"

With this information and our charts, we went to the Board of Education. But here we needed no arguments. They were already immensely interested and had discussed English classes, but—their funds were low. The budget made no provision for evening schools. Still this new work was so very important. Somehow they must find the money. A small sum in an emergency fund gave enough for a third of the expenses, for a term of eleven weeks. And the Chamber of Commerce agreed to pay the balance.

Very soon, classes were announced in four different schools. The first night one hundred and fifty pupils came and, in a fortnight, double that number. One of the things we're proudest of is the attendance record. For night schools, the country over, all tell the same story. Starting in September with say three hundred, in two weeks the class grows to four hundred, which is very encouraging. Then it begins to go

down, steadily down, down, till by the first of the year it's in the neighborhood of eighty. And there it stays until May. But at the end of the term our record, in spite of sickness and accidents in the mines, showed an average of ninety-six per cent. plus—better than the day school!

And such interested pupils as these men and women were! Punctual, earnest, industrious, ambitious, appreciative! No one was more surprised than we at our pupils. We'd supposed they'd all be miners. Twenty occupations were represented. And the nationalities were no fewer than twenty-seven! In Lincoln's home town! We'd supposed the classes for beginners would be most popular. But, at every school, the citizenship class was crowded!

Among these three hundred pupils were some thirty women. But each card in our catalogue listed a mother as well as a father. We must give the women a chance. A Lithuanian woman offered to invite her neighbors to form a class. Using volunteer teachers and a food-conservation teacher from Washington, we soon had group after group of foreign-born women, meeting in Italian and Russian homes. As in Chicago, the teacher went to these pupils but, for miners' wives, the morning and not the afternoon is the more convenient time; and the class must meet right in the block, not even so far away as the school. We had special lesson sheets, about furniture and cooking and sewing, typed by a high school class. These sheets had pictures cut out and pasted on them by a group of high school girls.

From one of our hotels, the housekeeper telephoned to say she had a group of girls who wanted to learn English and if we'd send a teacher, the hotel would be glad to give us a room. Two teachers were needed, one for the beginners and one for the advanced group; and two were none too many as one girl brought in her friend, the pastry cook, and another brought the elevator man, introducing them with, "Two more guys wants to join the class, Miss!"

"Will you show me how to read a *menu*?" asked one. "When my beau takes me out, I can't order anything but ice-cream and I don't like it!"

"PLEASE, help me write to my son in Poland," begged another.

A Russian chambermaid, who could not speak a word of English, was discovered going to the linen room a dozen times each morning, always asking for towels.

"But why don't you take more at a time?"

"Oh, she can ask for them now, instead of pointing," her sister interpreted. "Please—give—me—some—towels. And she's so glad she can talk American!"

Their eager questions varied from how to make fudge to the coming election and the commission form of city government.

"How do you like the English class?" the manager's wife asked one of the girls. "What do you learn?"

"Oh, it's great, ma'am, I'm learning to be a ward heeler!"

Even before the home groups and the classes in the schools were started we began in Springfield a unique part of our Americanization work—the special cases—tutoring, you might call it. The Hungarian miner, whose vigorous "No!" changed all our plans, was the first special pupil and others followed in quick succession. One man who was slightly deaf, one who lived far from any school, one who could answer almost any question in citizenship, but couldn't write—they all turned up. They were reported by the library, by Red Cross workers, by Associated Charities visitors, by the nurses at the Child Welfare stations, by the garden teacher, and other interested people. Volunteer teachers from a club of college women offered their services, and splendid work they did. Because it was more personal than was possible in a group, its results seem greater. That's one of the fine things about Americanization—the more personal you make it, the more you accomplish. What is needed most of all is friendliness and a helping hand.

ONE such teacher, whose pupil called at her house for his lesson, was greeted one evening with, "Well, Miss, I've got bad news for you. I've lost my job!" Before she could sympathize, he went on, "But I've got another, and it's all the fault of this English you teach me."

The poor teacher was aghast at what she had done, unwittingly.

"Yes, Miss, it's all your fault. I lost my job, but that very day I buy a paper and I read all the want ads, and if you hadn't (*Continued on Page 70*)

The pastry cook, elevator man, scrubwomen, chambermaids and other employees of a hotel formed a class on the premises—the hotel furnishing the room

GLIMPSES OF THE NEW

By Lewis

THIS is the final installment of the picture serial of Red Cross work which Mr. Lewis W. Hine has been taking for us during the past few weeks. The scenes on the right dealing with

(*Above*) A group of girls with Miss Mary Moran, their Red Cross instructor, visiting the shrine of Our Lady of Mercy at the Ursuline Academy, Wilmington, Delaware

(*Right*) The village school house at Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, showing the children returning for a health examination

(*Above*) A tea room conducted by the Eden Branch of the Buffalo Chapter. The receipts will be used for promoting community work

Below) After the cyclone at Ebenezer, a town within the confines of the Buffalo Chapter. Within a week, Red Cross workers had collected over eight thousand dollars for the victims, besides giving canteen service to the volunteer workers

(*Above*) Well Baby Clinic held every Thursday in the High School building at Latrobe, Pennsylvania. Dr. Thos. M. St. Clair is one of a dozen volunteers who examine babies here. Miss Hammen and Miss Margrethe Lovold, both Red Cross nurses, appear in the picture

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RED CROSS AT HOME

W. Hine

the Red Cross nurse and the immigrant are a vivid reminder of the progress the peace time program of the Red Cross is making in many scattered communities all over the country

(*Above*) A ship entering the North River with a record list of emigrant passengers who are lining the rails to obtain a close-up view of the New York and New Jersey shores

(*Right*) A Slavic woman receiving from a Red Cross nurse some valuable advice concerning the welfare of her little grandson

(*Above, at left*) A Red Cross nurse and a baby whom she restored to health, after it had been crippled by infantile paralysis

(*Below*) The whole family turns out to welcome the Red Cross nurse. The setting is sylvan but the coal mines are not far away and these people are often in need of friendly advice about the little citizens they are trying to bring up for Uncle Sam

(*Above*) Here is shown an Italian family, every member of which has been receiving nursing care from the Red Cross nurse, Miss Margrethe Lovold. The father is a worker in the steel mills, one of the buildings of which appears in the background

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

DURING THE PERIOD,

Including Chapter-produced Articles Used for Relief

	I Service to Sick and Wounded	II Service to Refugees	III Service to Children
Expenditures in Foreign Lands:			
France	$48,371,892.15	$33,341,726.64	$4,290,681.39
Belgium	784,684.48	1,553,687.61	1,184,673.37
Italy	12,671,849.68	7,176,939.74	1,860,257.54
Great Britain	6,400,417.99	35,692.73	198,920.96
Switzerland	388,103.07	409,075.63	....
Balkans	1,519,812.51	....	....
Russia—First Commission	387,099.48	23,739.53	....
Russia—Commission to Archangel	....	612,276.71	....
Siberia	4,578,822.34	3,814,500.38	....
Poland	54,154.34	....	200,000.00
Palestine and the Near East	295,520 61	8,473,861.33	....
Canada	....	....	....
Portugal	....	....	....
Azores and Madeira Islands	....	....	....
Germany	....	....	....
Lithuania	....	....	....
Czecho-Slovakia	20,000.00	....	....
Hungary	....	....	....
Kouban Russia	....	....	....
Vienna and Budapest	....	....	....
Junior Red Cross Work in Europe	....	....	360,595.18
Equipment and Traveling Expenses of Overseas Workers	....	....	....
League of Red Cross Societies	....	....	....
Miscellaneous Places	1,123.00	....	....
Total Expenditures in Foreign Lands	$75,473,479.65	$55,441,600.30	$8,095,128.44
Expenditures in the United States:			
War Relief in the United States	....	....	....
Disaster Relief	....	....	....
Collections and Enrollments	....	....	....
Operation of Relief Bureaus	....	....	....
Operation of Bureaus for Handling Relief Supplies, Transportation in the United States on Relief Supplies and Operation of Warehouses	....	....	....
Operation of Administrative Bureaus at National and Divisional Headquarters	....	....	....
Other Activities	....	....	....
Total Expenditures in the United States	....	....	....
Expenditures for War Relief in Various Countries on Work Specified by Contributors	....	....	....
Grand Total Expenditures	$75,473,479.65	$55,441,600.30	$8,095,128.44

* *Includes service for soldiers and sailors other than that included under "I. Service to Sick and Wounded,"*

Original from

EXPENDITURES AT HOME AND ABROAD

July 1, 1917 to May 1, 1920

but not including Local Expenditures of Chapters

IV Service to Devastated Areas	V Service to Prisoners	VI *Service to Soldiers and Sailors	VII Donations to Relief Organizations	VIII General Relief	Total
$1,419,122.58	$88,225.19	$36,927,180.89	$2,183,690.75	$8,612,114.01	$135,234,633.60
....	....	803,981.89	....	....	4,327,027.35
....	....	1,773,389.57	....	2,069,146.12	25,551,582.65
....	....	4,378,756.80	2,403,993.90	3,470,395.99	16,888,178.37
....	381,632.17	137,561.41	59,961.02	60,274.47	1,436,607.77
....	67,847.72	1,745,723.39	....	1,475,711.72	4,809,095.34
....	....	....	....	324,318.86	735,157.87
....	....	2,123,008.20	....	....	2,735,384.91
....	80,515.30	11,081,461.81	....	4,485,735.86	24,041,035.69
....	....	2,689,417.07	400,000.00	1,710,751.35	5,054,322.76
....	....	1,015,231.00	....	364,654.96	10,149,267.90
....	....	....	500,000.00	228.13	500,228.13
....	....	....	6,000.00	....	6,000.00
....	....	....	....	10,762.02	10,762.02
....	170,533.72	....	....	....	170,533.72
....	....	....	....	156,190.88	156,190.88
....	....	1,012,125.22	....	27,385.75	1,059,510.97
....	....	....	....	6,015.00	6,015.00
....	....	....	....	235,747.20	235,747.20
....	....	....	....	226,345.87	226,345.87
....	....	....	....	....	360,595.18
....	....	....	....	2,544,501.25	2,544,501.25
....	....	....	500,000.00	2,750,000.00	3,250,000.00
....	1,468.53	29,022.00	25,000.00	39,226,444.69	39,283,058.22
$1,419,122.58	$790,222.63	$63,716,859.25	$6,078,645.67	$67,756,724.13	$278,771,782.65
....	....	....	....	....	$64,172,591.90
....	....	....	....	....	1,259,637.59
....	....	....	....	....	4,077,926.94
....	....	....	....	....	6,694,936.01
....	....	....	....	....	7,740,744.07
....	....	....	....	....	8,101,360.21
....	....	....	....	....	6,281,592.27
....	....	....	....	....	$98,328,788.99
....	....	....	....	....	$8,156,820.99
$1,419,122.58	$790,222.63	$63,716,859.25	$6,078,645.67	$67,756,724.13	$385,257,392.63

"V. Service to Prisoners," "VII. Donations to Relief Organizations," and "VIII. General Relief."

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Foreign Work of The American Red Cross

(*Continued from Page 42*)

Poland and all through the Balkans, bears witness to this.

There are, however, two kinds of places where the Red Cross can accomplish more, for the same amount of money, with a unit composed entirely of men, and the greater part of our work from now on is to be in one or another of these. First, where the conditions are so rough that the question of providing decent living accommodations for women, and indeed, the necessity of protecting them from danger, necessarily consumes a considerable proportion of the energy and resources of the unit. This is the condition on the edge of Soviet Russia, in the Crimea, for example, and the Baltic States. The other condition is where the work is being done in a country already highly organized and where competent nurses and doctors and trained social workers may be obtained from the resident population. This is the case both in Vienna and Budapest.

In Hungary, alone, it is estimated that 300,000 hospital patients have received help from Red Cross supplies, and 65,000 families aided in one way or another. When a supply of knitting wool was received and distributed to the women of Hungary, arrangements were made for an exhibition of the finished work and, one month later, 47,000 articles were shown, the work of 23,400 volunteers. During this period, the Red Cross unit in Budapest consisted of four men, powerfully supplemented it is true, by the voluntary aid of an American lady resident in the city.

For the next few months, therefore, the American Red Cross is planning to carry out a program that is definite and worth while—so far as it goes—but it doesn't go far as compared with what the Red Cross knows, as few others can know, to be the needs of Europe.

IN its experience up to the present, the Red Cross has developed, not a hard and fast technique—one of its greatest merits is that it is *amateur* in the literal sense of that word—but a knowledge of actual conditions, a sense of proportion, and a skill and ingenuity in meeting specific problems. It has a body of field workers and administrators who have been tried out by the hardest kind of experiences, and it knows where to put its hand on hundreds of others who have given a good account of themselves in the past. These are assets of a value that cannot easily be over-estimated. Europe needs, and will need for some years, the kind of help the American Red Cross is peculiarly qualified to give. The League of Red Cross Societies, and the separate Red Cross Societies of Europe, to say nothing of the people themselves and their governments, will all regard a continuance of its active operations in Europe as a Godsend. The future usefulness of the Junior Red Cross abroad is assured, but its field, broad as it is, is, as we have seen deinitely limited.

The need in Europe is immediate and consistent with prudence. We are in the midst of a Presidential campaign and many people who would ordinarily interest themselves in the Red Cross and its problems are giving their time and attention and properly so, to national politics.

Mr. Davison's estimate of five hundred million dollars to restore Europe to normal, is a conservative estimate. To meet the problem constructively, the economic factor must first be met, and, if the American people and other peoples will authorize their Government to make generous credits, it will greatly add to the usefulness of every dollar which is given to voluntary organizations, because the latter will then be building upon a solid foundation.

Whether or not this government aid is extended, however, the Red Cross would not be true to its trust if it did not report to the American people the need for the means to continue and expand its own work. Even if Europe cannot have the whole loaf she needs, she should receive whatever morsels of bread, large or small, we can give her. The American Red Cross realizes, also, that it will not be the only organization making an appeal for relief in Europe, and it is prepared to co-operate as fully and unreservedly as possible with other agencies, both American and foreign, desiring to relieve conditions in the parts of Europe most afflicted, and to co-operate both in the appeal for funds and in the organization of the actual work of relief. At the present time, it stands ready to continue its present agencies until every penny now available is spent, contracting its personnel and organization as funds run low, or if, on the other hand, as we hope and trust, the American people will ask the Red Cross to continue its stewardship, to expand its organization to whatever degree is justified to meet the existing needs.

Before we go further, let us face frankly the situation here at home. In the first place, let us realize that the contributions upon which our foreign operations for the last eighteen months were based have consisted primarily of supplies originally purchased for our soldiers and sailors and to a considerable degree already made up by Chapter workers into garments of immediate usefulness; secondly, of cash balances from the War Fund and the proceeds of salvage operations. The cash allotment of $10,000,000 made available last January was possible mainly because of moneys transferred from Chapter wartime balances to National Headquarters. While many people gave generously last fall directly for foreign relief, and while these have represented a real interest and often, I am sure, a real sacrifice, nevertheless the total of these gifts, the only ones made after the war stimulus was past, represents only a small fraction of the basis for our foreign operations of the period.

To-day the Red Cross supplies and the Army supplies are nearly exhausted, and the available cash has run very low. Some few chapters have sufficient reserves in cash to make a considerable contribution for foreign work but, in general, the chapter reserves are as low in the midst of a Presidential campaign and many people who would ordinarily interest themselves in the Red Cross and its problems are giving their time and attention and properly so, to national politics.

Some months ago, those who have been closely watching public opinion in the United States recognized a growing reluctance on the part of the people to hear anything more about Europe. Their emotions and their interest seemed to be exhausted and, like the Athenian who cast his vote for the banishment of Aristides the Just, they were simply sick and tired of hearing about Europe and Europe's needs. These same observers now tell us that the tide has turned and that all over the country people are getting back their sense of balance and proportion but, nevertheless, the feeling of fatigue still exists and those who merely follow the fashions in philanthropy and public affairs, as they do in clothes, cannot be expected to do a great deal this year. To put it brutally, helping Europe is no longer "the thing."

THERE is one other factor to be borne in mind; we are going to have sharply conflicting reports from Europe by returning Americans. The harvests, fortunately, are likely to be good all through Europe and, as I write, famine conditions are non-existent or, at any rate, non-typical. The aid already received from outside and the efforts of the people themselves have improved other conditions also. The ordinary traveller will see very few people in rags and tatters, fewer even than he would have seen before the war. The breakdown of transportation, which was the real underlying difficulty in all relief work since the Armistice has been considerably relieved. As a result of all these things, perfectly sincere people, accustomed to be guided by their own observations, will come back from business or pleasure trips to Europe and say that the need is being exaggerated by sentimentalists and that, as a matter of fact, Europe is pretty nearly on her feet again, and that while there may be situations here and there which should be dealt with locally, any appeal for enormous sums and for widespread help is based upon hysteria rather than upon common sense. The only answer that can be made to these statements—and we grant their entire sincerity—is that the makers of them have been guided by superficial rather than underlying factors. It is not the man who sees a country during the pleasant summer months, when the potatoes and green vegetables are coming into the cities, when light clothing and the open air are luxuries, who can picture the situation in the late winter when the grain has run low and there is little or nothing to supplement it; when the same light clothes which were so pleasant in the summer do not provide sufficient protection; when the shortage in housing

(*Continued on Page 71*)

How I Make Money
—Right at Home!

"LOOK at this check for $26.50—payable to me.

"I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Every thing we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now we have *more* than the necessaries—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and *we have our little luxuries and amusements too.*

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, but by using *The Auto Knitter*, a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine. Now that I have gained practice with the *Auto Knitter* I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

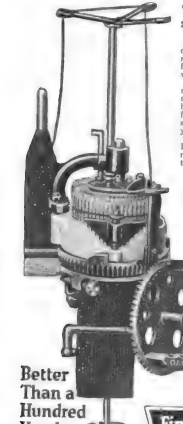
"And the best part of it is that I have a *guaranteed, constant market* for every pair of socks I make, at a *guaranteed price.* I simply send the Auto Knitter Company the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.

"Free Yarn Sent with the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an American corporation engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They constantly need more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need you.

"When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker as I did, the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, Guaranteed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

"With the machine they send you a supply of wool yarn FREE. They also supply FREE the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.



You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement: it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."

READ WHAT SATISFIED WORKERS SAY

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus, to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency" or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best and I have found them to be absolutely reliable.
—Mrs. Henry Jones, Waterbury, Conn.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the prompt-ness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery. —Limestone, Texas.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check. Guys, Ill.

Thanks for Attention

I now just send you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courteous and prompt attention you have always shown me. —Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AUTO KNITTER

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. The Auto Knitter makes the sock—toe—body—heel—and toe without a seam. It is simple to run. Weighs about 10 pounds and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is no hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

Find Out How You Can Make Money With The Auto Knitter

Send Coupon Now

WRITE TODAY *for our* LIBERAL WAGE OFFER

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The Auto Knitter. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

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The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 5410K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Canadian readers address Red Cross 10-21

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The Russian takes his information about America from the novels of Fenimore Cooper

AMERICA—FROM

By Maria

Decorations

OUR students and writers, the so-called intelligentsia know America well. The average Russian, on the other hand—but, let him talk:

"Are you going to the American Wild West? To San Francisco? Oh, my dear, it is dangerous, they may scalp you!"

"Who? The people of San Francisco?"

"No, the savages from the villages. There are many Red Indians around. Haven't you read Fenimore Cooper?"

The average Russian has taken his information about America chiefly from the novels of Fenimore Cooper. Our children have been poisoned from the cradle by these thrilling stories of brave and cruel red chieftans. They have caused many little family tragedies. Many a romantic young reader of "The Last of the Mohicans" has run away from home to seek the wonderful new world thinking it filled with gold, scalps and Red Indians.

In Russia, under the old regime, it used to be necessary to obtain a passport for every journey, and even the nine-year-old traveler knew it. One of Anton Chekoff's liveliest stories tells of a boy who stole the cook's passport and felt himself a legitimate traveler after that heroic deed.

On my first journey toward America, however, I neglected to provide myself with a passport. I was eight years old. Every self-respecting child with a good imagination ran away to America at about that age! I had with me a little bag, two sandwiches, and a big kitchen knife with which to fight the pirates. I was an impracticable little woman, however. I had no passport and I was caught at the first railway station.

My second journey to America, the present one, was more successful, but I feel a little disappointed. Of course, I did not expect to see the regular battles between Black Eagles and Crafty Snakes. But still I was sure that at least one-third of the population of San Francisco would consist of red Indians. I had imagined something like an Indian Chinatown, a part of the city, inhabited by aborigines. But, alas! the only Indian chief I have met over here was in a motion picture.

I have lived in California three months. I have seen wonderful things—twenty-story houses, drug-stores selling ice-cream soda, working girls dressed in silk—but I have never seen a single trace of a living Red Indian.

From the Russian point of view, it would be far more natural to see a bloody tomahawk hanging on the wall of an American house than to see ice-cream soda in a drug-store. In the first place, we never mix ice-cream and soda water; in the second place, in our drug stores one could never find candy for sale. The drug store in Russia is a dreary place, reminding one only of sickness and doctors and undertakers. We could never enjoy our drinks in proximity to asperin and arsenic. We are too nervous and superstitious.

WHEN I return to Russia, I may—and it would be comparatively safe—tell my countrymen nice stories of *Red Indians running around with lifted tomahawks in pursuit of foreign girls.* I shall be cautious enough to add that preclusively it happens not in the center of the city, not on Market Street, but in the suburbs, in Oakland or Piedmont, for instance, and I doubt if anybody will presume to call me untruthful. But, as for ice-cream in drug stores, I shouldn't like to risk speaking of that to anyone outside the limited circle of my best friends who are convinced of my truthfulness. In public—never!

The second thing, unbelievable to Russians, is the honest working-girl in a silk dress. Why, when I came to California, I wondered where all the cooks and chambermaids and seamstresses of San Francisco were concealed. In the street-cars and automobiles and ferries, I saw only ladies. In the Y. W. C. A., I met a beautiful lady-like girl, splendidly dressed, who told me that she was a manicurist. I was astounded.

But, as a rule, America seems to the eyes of a newcomer to be wonderfully rich. Your schools, your industries, your technical science amaze the neophyte from Russia. We have heard and read about it all, but still we know America too little.

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10,000 MILES AWAY

Moravsky

by J. E. Allen

We have only one consolation: Americans know us even less. Our stories about the Indians scalping the foreigners, in San Francisco, are no less improbable than your "legends" about Russia told by the newspaper correspondents, who study my country for a few months, without knowing the language, and then write volumes about it.

The reader may disagree with me:

"Why, we know Russians, we have met your emigrants! There are plenty of them in the large cities of every State."

But, you must never judge any country by its emigrants. It is a great mistake. Emigrants are people who disagree with their own country, who fail to conform to its ways. Sometimes, they are too bad for their fatherland, sometimes—too good. They are criminals or political exiles, or born vagabonds, or, perhaps, people with broken hearts or broken consciences. They are never the typical representatives of their country, otherwise they would not run away from it.

I have known Americans in Russia. They were quite different from the average American over here. Many of them were not sympathetic persons in the least, but adventurers, starving for the gold of Siberia and for the cheap and unprotected labor of Great Russia. The term "American girl" was, in Russia, synonymous with tight-rope walker, circus bare-back rider or singer in a cabaret. Only recently have we begun to meet in our country the better representatives of America.

These new people, the American men of science, the social organizers and specialists, such as engineers, whom we need now so badly, demonstrated to us another phase of American life. They were the most energetic, well-educated and cultured people we ever knew. And so we have two extremely different portraits of Americans: The conscienceless adventurer and the noble pioneer!

The average American remains unknown to most of us.

WHILE our people have hated the American adventurer, they have idealized the second type. For those of us who had the opportunity to meet "the noble pioneer," the American was the synonym of a man with unlimited capacities.

The average Russian exaggerates the good traits of American character as well as the bad ones. It is quite natural; because we have seen only the best and the worst representatives of your country. We have always seen the exceptions. The average American, like the average Russian, rarely goes abroad; he prefers to live peacefully at home.

That fact disappointed me greatly, for I always believed, like others of my countrymen, that Americans are born travelers. We used to meet them in the Crimea, even in the Caucasus, that beautiful but wild country. They were always splendidly equipped for a long journey, they looked like investigators and researchers in every inch! And here—I learned that many of you don't know well even your own country! I have met Americans who have never been in California, and for some of them Chicago seems to be the Far West.

Many Americans I am sure, have the same untrue opinion about Russians. A small part of you know our literature and see Russian life through the truthful eyes of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Chekoff, Turgeneff. Some of you have met those idealistic Russian types, who care for eternal things only, who are indifferent to wealth and who would rather count stars than dollars. A few of you have even met the heroes of our revolutionary movement, such as Vera Zasulich and Kropotkin. And those Americans love and idealize Russia.

But the rest of you formed your opinion about Russia chiefly upon your knowledge of the poor immigrants on the East Side. Those people are mostly Russian Jews, very poor, unhappy and badly educated. Most of them are not typical, nor the best representatives of Russia.

Many of the immigrants have left the East Side and returned to Russia. And they have condemned America to Russians just as they used to condemn old Russia to Americans, because they did not find happiness here.

Many Russians know nothing of our civilization and its industrial and social progress

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In Lincoln's Home Town

(*Continued from Page 61*)

taught me to sound the words I'd have taken just any job; but I kept on sounding them until I found one that said steady work, and that's the one I go after and that's the job I got. And it's all the fault of the English class with you. You can't know what it means to me, Miss."

To the library—the Lincoln Library, by the way—went a young Russian asking for an easy book on citizenship. Several were shown him but they were all too difficult. In six weeks, he'd have his examination and he did want to pass and be a citizen, on account of his children. The librarian put him in touch with a volunteer teacher who wrote out the simplest of citizenship lessons, giving just the help he needed. And, in return, as she refused to accept any money, he presented her with two pedigreed rabbits—wonderful Flemish blacks—and along with her Americanization work she's now gone into the rabbit business!

After they were better acquainted, he told her he would have to give up the house where he'd been living, and that he hadn't saved enough to make the required first payment on a place of his own, adding, "So I say to my wife,' In America, one must wait more years to get a home for the girl and boys'." The teacher thought this over and said she'd see what could be done. To the bank, she stated his case and asked if, on her recommendation, they'd make the loan.

"Yes, we would," said the kindly banker, looking over his glasses at her eager face, "but you'd save money by going to a Building and Loan Association. Their appraisal charge is less than ours and your man can pay them small sums while here we cannot accept less than a hundred dollars at a time. If they won't help you, come back to us."

Making the rounds of the building and loan associations, at the third office the teacher found the secretary interested in the problem of the Russian and willing to accept his four hundred dollars as a first payment and take the rest on mortgage. Before the man became an American citizen, the family was living in their own home, and had a garden of their own in which to raise carrots and lettuce for themselves and the rabbits.

"You see," said the volunteer teacher, "it isn't money they need, so much as friendliness and a bit of advice now and again!"

Perhaps the most noteworthy of the by-products of Americanization in our town is the experience of a young miner. Already admitted to citizenship, speaking and reading English fairly well, he belonged to no particular group of beginners. Yet he was so anxious to study and speak without an accent that one of the busiest of the volunteers offered to teach him, once a week. She asked him to bring a book with him and read to her. And the first day he came with—what do you think? Herrick's "Master of the Inn."

"How'd you happen to bring this?" she asked in surprise.

"Ah, I have read it over and over and I'd like so much to pronounce the words just right!"

She drew him out to tell her about his work in the mines and asked about his plans. If he stayed there ten or fifteen years, what would he be—manager? What future had the mine for him?

"None," he answered promptly. "After you learn to dig coal, that's all you can do—dig just so much every day you work—you never get ahead. But—" he hesitated, then, with face alight and eyes shining, added, "but I'm hoping not to stay in the mines for always. They tell me I have a voice. I have lessons already and some day I shall be a great singer!"

"Then what are you doing down in the mine? Isn't that bad for you?"

"Yes. Often one takes cold, the air is so bad."

What he needs most of all, the singing teacher replied to the English teacher's question, is to get out of that mine. So work was found for him, in one of the parks. "I work all day long *in the sunshine*," was his description of the change. And once dug out of that coal mine, he decided to use his savings for lessons in the city, taking a job to eke out his living expenses. Springfield's musical club became interested in him and will some day boast of their baritone. But it was the Americanization work which first aroused interest in this young miner.

At the end of the school year, from every side came exclamations of regret that the classes must close. Why must they? Why not continue for a few weeks longer, if enough people want to come? So on the last evening we announced at each school that the Lincoln Library would have English classes for men and women. Though it stormed the first night, there was an attendance of seventy-one pupils. And soon the library had seven volunteer teachers, and wanted more!

When after two months these classes stopped one group begged for more lessons and offered a home if only a teacher could come out to them.

"But it's so hot!" we said.

"No, *signora*, we have school for you in basement. And we buy you one big electric fan."

Of course Luigi Di Pasquale and his brother and sister-in-law and their five friends had their wish come true, and a flourishing class they had right through the summer, nor did they forget all their sounds before the autumn class began again.

We found in Springfield that what succeeds in Chicago won't suit conditions elsewhere. We just had to feel our way, step by step, and be guided by what our foreign-born friends wanted. The important thing is—that we did make a start. And, once started, Americanization goes on of itself, one man bringing in his friends, one woman spreading the news through her neighborhood, one pupil leading in two guys to join the class. The test of success is the attendance. If your pupils are getting what they want and need, in English and in citizenship, the class won't drop off.

Americanization's in the air, these days. It filters through to every town. And any little town, with a little group of interested persons, with a bit of Lincoln's interest in the common people, can begin Americanization with their foreign-born neighbors.

The New Samaritan

(*Continued from Page 49*)

simple directions for rendering aid. In their service on the posts, the kits are never locked. The large red cross that marks the location of the boxes can be seen for many yards along the roadway, and, even if accidents do not happen just in front of one of these kits, the Red Cross equipment can be found within a short distance of any spot on the highways so equipped.

If the experiment is successful the Automobile Club will offer the same co-operation to other Red Cross chapters in Southern California and will extend the service to the entire territory within its jurisdiction.

"THE Red Cross is the new Samaritan!" said one of the Automobile club officials on the day of the dedication of the first aid outfits. "The very moment the first aid equipment is used to assist an injured person, the whole experiment is a success. Every day there are a number of minor accidents and several serious mishaps in which people are injured. There is no question in the minds of the officials of the Automobile Club that the Red Cross is offering a service of the greatest value and it is our hope that Red Cross chapters everywhere will take up the project."

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The Foreign Work of the American Red Cross

(*Continued from Page 66*)

which persists all over Europe means that people are crowded together in unwholesome and insanitary conditions but will suffer ills from the cold indoors as well as out, because the greatest shortage of all is that of fuel. It takes months, even years, of close identification with the people of any European country to realize fully the havoc which the war has wrought. How many casual visitors, for example, to one of the larger European capitals knew that two thousand families are still living in box cars in the freight yards of that city? And the acute need for rolling stock indeed proves that there can be absolutely nowhere else to put them.

WHAT does all this mean? It means, I think, that the responsibility rests upon the American men and women who are accustomed to do their own thinking, and who are willing to face the facts in any situation, no matter how disagreeable and disconcerting these facts may be, and it is to these intelligent Americans that the Red Cross must look and is looking with confidence for the future.

The American Red Cross, as I have said, cannot hope in any event to meet all the needs, but there is one field to which the eyes of our workers are turned with eagerness and longing. Deep down under the appearances of revived prosperity is the inescapable fact that the children of the war generation in Europe need, if they are to have a fair chance in life, far more to make up for what they have lost than Europe alone can possibly provide. They have suffered from undernutrition during the most critical period of their growth; from the lack of a father's care and control for nearly the entire period of mobilization—in millions of cases forever—and too often they have lost the mother as well. They suffer from the complete disorganization of educational machinery and, perhaps most disastrous of them all, from the loss of years of the happy home life which is a child's normal heritage.

Some of the damage which has been done to this generation of children is irreparable. To a certain degree, they will come to manhood and womanhood stunted and warped in body and mind, but there is much that can be accomplished, if it is done promptly and wholeheartedly, by those who know how. The American Red Cross stands ready to concentrate its efforts upon such a task. It has, we believe, the right spirit and the necessary experience. Certainly it has the confidence of governments and peoples alike. With the exception of the Junior Red Cross program, it has not the money. Do we Americans want the Red Cross to take up the task, and do we want it hard enough to pay for it?

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Whatever your question;—be it the pronunciation of *Bolshevik*, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of *Zeebrugge*, the meaning of *barrage, ace, fourth arm, tank, camouflage, Boche*, etc., this Supreme Authority contains an accurate final answer.

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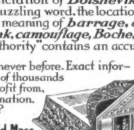

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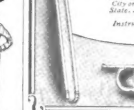

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TO READERS OF THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

THE STAFF OF THE SURVEY take off their hats to the editors and publishers of the Red Cross Magazine for the educational breadth and quickening human interest with which they have interpreted Red Cross work at home and over-seas during the war and after.

NO ONE JOURNAL will fill the gap that the Red Cross Magazine leaves. It is too big for that.

THE SURVEY stands ready to fill one corner. It would be foolish for us to think that more than one reader out of ten will want the Survey, but that reader wants it hard—eventhough he has never heard of it.

* * *

FOR INSTANCE:

THERE is a custom up among the foothills of the Adirondacks for every farmer to keep a kerosene lamp burning in a front window all night. One Saturday night about ten o'clock the treasurer of the Home Service Section in a town in the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross had closed his store and was on his way home when he came upon a sailor. The young fellow lived twenty miles north in the hills. He had not been home for four years nor written home for months; but when the American cruiser he was on was torpedoed and he was in the water four hours, the thought of the kerosene lamp that must be shining in his father's house that night for him came back to him.

SO the Red Cross treasurer got out his flivver and started off with the sailor. As they bore away from the town the lights in the farmhouse windows began to wink at them. They got to their destination around midnight. The boy banked in the barn so as to be ready to greet his father when he came out to milk the cows in the morning.

HERE was a case of Home Service which called for an equal mixture of gasolene and good will—and a pinch of self-sacrificing imagination thrown in. The man who carried it out was himself the father of three children, an active figure in War Savings, Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives, the organizer of a new chamber of commerce and a general promoter of the progressive business movements in his community. While the war was on he talked with every soldier that went out from his town; and now he is good neighbor to half his county.

WHEN he came into Home Service work he subscribed to the Survey. At first he merely ran through the pages and then threw it away. Now he reads every issue along with his Saturday Evening Post. He is stirred and eager as a youngster over the experiences of other communities which fit into his own—over new ranges of social interest into which he has come with the zeal of a promoter. If he were opening up a new real estate addition on the edge of the town, he could not have more enthusiasm than he has in throwing wide the possibilities for community service growing out of the war.

* * *

It is this sort of man and woman the country over that the Survey wants to reach. Scores of Red Cross men and women who went over-seas, hundreds of those who carried the burden at home in every State of the Union take the Survey.

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An
Important Announcement
to Subscribers will
be found on
Page 5

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REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA.
AVISO DE SUSPENSION.

EL COMITE Ejecutivo de la CRUZ ROJA AMERICANA has reuelto suspender la publicación de la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA con el número de Octubre. El costo de la publicación y particularmente el del papel ha venido aumentando desde hace mucho tiempo, hasta que, durante el año próximo pasado alcanzó un punto tan alto que para continuar publicando la REVISTA se hacía necesario o aumentar el precio de la subscripción o contar con una subvención procedente del tesoro general de la CRUZ ROJA. No nos parece acertado aumentar el precio de la subscripción porque existe la probabilidad de que con el aumento se reduciría la circulación y por ende quedaría anulado el objeto por el cual esta sociedad ha venido publicando LA REVISTA. Por otra parte, el Comité Ejecutivo no considera justo ni equitativo el disponer de fondos del tesoro para cubrir un déficit inevitable bajo las actuales circunstancias.

Antes de que la guerra estallara, la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA era una publicación pequeña con una circulación de unos cuantos millares de ejemplares. A medida que la guerra mundial tomó incremento y aún ántes de que los Estados Unidos tomaran parte en ella, ya existía un interés cada dia mas intenso en los trabajos de la CRUZ ROJA y un aumento considerable en el número de socios. Siguiendo el consejo de personas peritas en la materia y con la ayuda de aquellas educadas en el arte de publicar y editar, la REQISTA se desarrolló y alcanzó una circulación muy grande. Cuando en su apogeo, repartía más de ufnmillón y cuarto de ejemplares cada mes, y aúnque no se publicaba bajo una base comercial, se sostenía asimismo. Durante los últimos cuatro años ha servido como medio para educar y despertar el interés en la CRUZ ROJA y en sus actividades universales.

LA CRUZ ROJA se Ocupa Actualmente en el Desarrolo de ún Programa Edtenso Relativo a los Nuevos Problemas éte la Paz Ha Hecho Surgir, y además debe continuar con las responsabilidades asumidas durante la guerra hasta llegar al límite de los recursos disponibles para este objeto. Ya sea que este servicio se extienda al programa de enfermeras de la CRUZ ROJA, cooperación con las iociedades de sanidad pública o con los trabajos que lleva a cabo la CRUZ ROJA JUVENIL; o ya sea que tenga entendencre con la ayuda que se presta a las familias de los soldados y marineros, con los hombres de servicio heridos y ciegos en los hospitales, o alvio y consuelo de las calamidades sin nombre que existen en el extramjero, la CRUZ ROJA debe poseer un órgano adecuado para dar a conecer sus actividades al público en general y a sus compañeros de trabajo.

Si la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA fuera el único medio de ponerse en comunicación con el público y sus asociados, entónces se haría necesario continuar la REVISTA, aún cuando fuere perdiendo dinero. Más debido a sus otras publicaciones, tales como el Junior Red Cross News (Noticias de la Cruz Roja Juvenil), Boletínes de la Oficina Principa Nacional y sus Divisiones; folletos sobre diversos temaso y con la cooperación de la prensa y por medio del servicio cinematográfico de la CRUZ ROJA, se ha desarrollado una verdadera máquina que distribuye las últimas noticias e informaciones, por lo tanto, aún con la suspensión de la REVISTA, estas noticias así como también lls informes relativos a los trabajos de la CRUZ ROJA continuarán circularizando de una manera uniforme.

Continúase trabajando para dar *Mayor Impulso Al Desarrollo del Servicio de Publicacion de la* CRUZ ROJA. Aquel los subscritores vitalicios y patronizadores que deseen recibir con regularidad informes relativos a las actividades de la CRUZ ROJA, y otros subscritores y asociados, los recibirán por medio de nuevos métodos sobre los cuales se están haciendo estudios.

Tenemos Que Aclarar ún Asúnto de Importancia con Nuestros Súbscritores. Una gran porportión de las subscri ciones vencen hácia fines del año de 1920. Algunas, sinembargo, son por mayor tiempo. Continuar la publicación de la REVISTA para completar la enterga de doce ejemplares a cada subscritor, significaría un gasto enorme. Todavez que con esta práctica la edición sería mucho más pequeña, los gastos generales y otros inherentes a una publicación de esta naturaleza aumentarían, mostrando determinado, déficit mensual. Aquellos subscritores que no recibirán, pero que tienen derecho a recibir el número completo de ejemplares, LA CRUZ ROJA está lista para reembosarles a *pro rata* la cantidad a que asciendan sus suspericiones. Los agstos en que incurriremos para hacer estos pagos serán considerables, mas la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA no desea de manera alguna proceder en forma perjudicial a los intereses de sus subscritores. A los subscritores que no reclamen el reembolso de la cantidad a *pro rata* que se les adeuda debido a la suspensión de la REVISTA, se les considerará como contribuyentes a la causa general de la CRUZ ROJA por una suma igual a lo que por tal concepto se les adeude.

En la página cuarta aparece un esaueleto que deberán llenar aquellos subscritores que deseen ser reembolsados. Si no se presenta reclamación alguna, quedará entendido que el subscritor ha resuelto donar la cantidad que se le adeuda, a la tesorería de la CRUZ ROJA NACIONAL.

The March of the Red Cross

(*Continued from Page 53*)

of Warsaw and these will be run from point to point as they are needed, thus replacing the Red Cross branch stations which will be handicapped because of the rapid changes which daily occur in the front lines.

From Bialystok, more than three hundred carloads of supplies were brought out by the faithful Red Cross men before the Bolsheviki captured the city. The doctors continued treating the Polish wounded until the Soviet forces were within four miles.

In addition to saving the bulk of supplies and practically all Red Cross equipment, the Red Cross workers also succeeded in bringing out some eight hundred war orphans who had been pupils in a school established by the Junior Red Cross. These orphans have been installed in a village near Warsaw and unless utter disaster overtakes the Polish armies, they will remain there until peace comes once more and they can be returned to their original school.

Despite all these emergency measures, however, the bulk of the Red Cross work in Poland has gone on steadily, the latest addition to the projects undertaken being the establishment of a provisional nurses' school in Cracow where three hundred Polish women are taking elementary courses at this moment, so as to be of some use in the overtaxed hospitals of their country where at present doctors and nurses are working until they drop, completely tired out.

Only when the situation settles down once more and Poland and the Allies take stock calmly, can the Red Cross determine on what its future activities in that country will be.

Fourth Red Cross Roll Call

Meanwhile, the Fourth Roll Call of the Red Cross in America approaches, a time

From Armistice Day, the eleventh of November until Thanksgiving Day, it is to last, and the mighty host of Americans who make up our ten million adult members will be given an opportunity to express once more their allegiance to, and faith in, their Red Cross. It will not be a drive in the usual sense of the word, no gifts being solicited, save in those cases where a desire to contribute for some special purpose is signified. It will be rather what its name signifies—a great calling of the roll of America!

There are no Americans anywhere who will not be glad to be included in the mighty Red Cross host under the old banner of the "Greatest Mother in the World."

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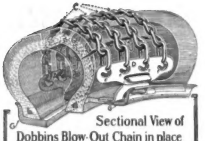

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